

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 7, 1958

*America's National Sports Weekly*

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## NATIONAL LEAGUE

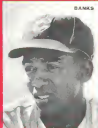
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## ALL-STAR GAME

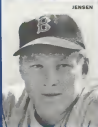
HOW THE PROS ELECTED THE BEST IN BASEBALL  
ANALYSIS OF THE TWO SQUADS

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

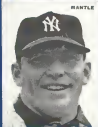
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# Cover All-Star ▶

The major league players themselves did the voting for this year's All-Star teams, and on the cover are the four top vote-getters from each league. Stan Musial had most of all.

## Next week



▶ The latest in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** famous instructional how-to series, with step-by-step drawings: How to train your new pet dog so that he will be a good companion.

▶ All the excitement of two of Britain's biggest international sporting events—the Open and Wimbledon—are brought to you by **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** correspondents.

▶ High in the refreshing coolness of the Colorado Rockies, famed Anchor Emske Caldwell initiates his young son into the delights—and frustrations—of the elusive trout.

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## SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



### ALL-STAR GAME

HOW THE FANS ELECTED THE BEST IN BASEBALL  
ANALYSIS OF THE TWO TEAMS



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## COMING EVENTS

July 4 to July 13

- **Television**
- **Cable networks**
- **Network radio**
- All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

### Friday, July 4

- **AUTO RACING**  
Pac-Pac Plus-Pac III C (Clerk) ("log run," stock race, sports cars), Palm Park, Calif.  
USAC 1st mile Championship Race, Atlanta
- **BASEBALL**  
Chicago White Sox vs. Kansas City Athletics, Chicago, 7:20 p.m. (Mutual)

- **BOATING**  
National Independence Day Inland Regatta, Long Beach, Calif.
- **BASEBALL**  
The Nations Cup Cruise Race, Marblehead, Mass.

- **BOXING**  
Jesse Bondary vs. Jerry London, light heavyweights, 10 rds., Las Vegas, 10 p.m. (NBC)

- **BASEBALL**  
Stons and Stripes, \$75,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/2 m., Arlington at Washington Park, Ill.  
Astoria Handicap, \$15,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/2 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.  
American Handicap, \$16,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/2 m., Hollywood Park, Calif. (Trotting)

- **The Monrovia Stake** (3-yr.-old pure), \$40,000, 1 1/2 m., Monrovia, N.Y. (ABC)
- **The Transatlantic Stake**, \$10,000, Northville, Mich.

- **HORSE SHOW**  
Colorado Arabian Horse Show, Stone Park, Colo. (through July 6)

- **LEG RACING**  
National Leg Riding Championships, Groton, Idaho, (through July 5)

- **ROCKS**  
Rock Riders, \$5,000, Rock (through July 6)

- **SHOOTING**  
Oklahoma State Shoot Championship, Tulsa, (through July 6)

- **TRACK & FIELD**  
AAU National Decathlon Championships, Palmyra, N.J. (also July 5)
- **AAU National Women's and Girls' Track & Field Championships**, Morristown, N.J. (also July 5)

### Saturday, July 5

- **AIRPLANE RACING**  
Champion Race, Fallon, N.Y. (also July 6)

- **AUTO RACING**  
20th Annual Sports Car Championship Race, Long Beach, Calif. (NBC)

- **BASEBALL**  
Cleveland Redlegs vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Cleveland, 2:15 p.m. (CBS-TV, Mutual Radio)
- **McKenzie Reeves vs. Pittsburgh Pirates**, Milwaukee, 7:30 p.m. (NBC)

- **HORSE RACING**  
Crown Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 5:30 p.m. P.D.T. (Pa. ed. Newark, CBS regional TV, \$20 p.m. NH radio)
- **The Marlborough**, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 4 f., Arlington-Washington Park, Ill.
- **Sam's Tail Handicap**, \$2,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1/2 m. (trial course), Delaware Park, Del.
- **The Mother Goose**, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds (fillies), 1 1/4 m., Belmont Park, N.Y., 4:30 p.m. (CBS)
- **Calif. Handicap**, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds (fillies), 1 1/4 m., Moonouth Park, N.J., 5:30 p.m. (NBC)
- **Trotting**
- **NYA Special Harness Race**, Westbury, N.Y., 10:20 p.m. (NBC)

- **TENNIS**  
Wimbledon Championships (final day), Wimbledon, England
- **La Jolla Tournament**, La Jolla, Calif. (through July 13)

- **BASEBALL**  
Cleveland Redlegs vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Cincinnati, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
- **New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox**, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual)

### Sunday, July 6

- **BASEBALL**  
Cleveland Redlegs vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Cincinnati, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)
- **New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox**, New York, 2 p.m. (Mutual)

### GOLF

- **National Left-handed Golfers Tournament** (final day), Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
- **HORSE SHOW**  
Lexington Junior League Horse Show, Lexington, Ky. (through July 12)

### Monday, July 7

- **BASEBALL**  
White Sox vs. George Beaton, middleweight, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (TV Mezz)

- **GOLF**  
National Public Links Championships, Orland Park, Ill. (through July 12)
- **Pa. Jr. Northern Amateur**, Towson, Wash. (through July 12)

- **HORSE RACING**  
Lake City Triple Handicap, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds and up (fillies and mares), 4 f., Jamaica, N.Y.

- **ROCKS**  
Calder Handicap and Stakes, \$24,000, California, Alto (through July 12)
- **3-Rd-II Bedouin**, \$11,000, Camden, N.J. (through July 12)

### Tuesday, July 8

- **BASEBALL**  
All-Star Game, Baltimore, 12:45 p.m. (NBC)
- **HORSE RACING**  
Baltimore Handicap, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds (fills and geldings), 5/8 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.

### Wednesday, July 9

- **BASEBALL**  
Paul Hens in Chase Derby, 4th round, Minneapolis, Minn. (through July 18)

- **ROCKS**  
Rock Riders vs. Nona Valley, heavyweights, 10 rds., Jackson, 10 p.m. (ABC)

- **HORSE RACING**  
The Tronnet, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds (fills and geldings), 5/8 f., Jamaica, N.Y.
- **Trotting**  
Lancaster Trotting Classic, \$20,000, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

### Thursday, July 10

- **GOLF**  
Baltimore City Open, \$25,000, Witherfield Golf, (also July 13)
- **American Championship Women's Open**, \$7,500, Minneapolis (through July 13)

- **HORSE RACING**  
Trotting  
Seneca Farm Classic, \$25,000, Vernon, N.Y.
- **Elizaveta Memorial** (3-yr.-old pure), \$15,000, Hartland, N.Y.

- **SHOOTING**  
Smith's Zone Trapshoot, Knoxville, Tenn. (through July 13)

### Friday, July 11

- **BOXING**  
Guscat Group vs. Mickey Crawford, welterweights, 10 rds., Mad Sq. Garden, New York, 10 p.m. (NBC)

- **HORSE RACING**  
3rd Harniss Women Hunt, \$20,000, Westbury, N.Y., 10 p.m. (ABC)

### Saturday, July 12

- **BASEBALL**  
Boston Red Sox vs. Chicago White Sox, Boston, 1:30 p.m. (NBC)
- **New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians**, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)

- **BOATING**  
Port Haines-Markham Race, 235 miles, Port Haines, B.C.
- **American's Cup**, preliminary trials, Newport, R.I. (through July 13)

- **HORSE RACING**  
Hollywood Gold Cup, \$100,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Hollywood Park, Calif., 3:15 p.m. P.D.T. (radio Newark, CBS regional)
- **Warner Memorial**, \$15,000, 3-yr.-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., Arlington Park, Ill.
- **Delaware Oaks**, \$2,500, 3-yr.-olds (fillies), 1 1/4 m., Delaware Park, Del., 4:30 p.m. (TV)
- **Barnard Handicap**, \$20,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 1/4 m., Jamaica, N.Y.

### Sunday, July 13

- **BASEBALL**  
New York Yankees vs. Chicago White Sox, New York, 1:45 p.m. (CBS)

- **BOATING**  
APCA Kennerly River Marathon Race (triathlons), 38 miles, Auburn, Maine
- **International Tournament**, unfinished hydron, St. Clair, Mich. (also July 14)

\* See local listing

## MEMO from the publisher

**R**OME wasn't built in a day; and physical fitness can't be achieved in a week. But some weeks can be most helpful. Such a week is this one, July 7 through 12, officially designated Jaycee Fitness Week.

It is the second annual week of its kind, cosponsored again by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, with the additional backing this year of the Wheaties Sports Federation.

Last year 275 Jaycee chapters across the country entered the competition for the best programs to promote physical fitness within their communities. Winners in cities of four different sizes, as you may recall (SI, Sept. 30), received from Vice President Nixon at the West Point fitness conference the silver Revere bowls which **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** gave as trophies.

This year many more chapters are expected to enter.

The value of Jaycee Fitness Week is not only that it puts a deadline on a program. It also kicks off a year-long schedule of fitness activity in the communities which have the programs, and it sets a pattern other communities can use.

In her fitness survey (SI, May 26) Dorothy Stull pointed out that the Jaycees, through sponsorship of na-

tional championships in many sports, have "been in the fitness business for years." But their newest effort is one of the notably positive accomplishments since President Eisenhower established the Council on Youth Fitness in July 1956.

The 11-member board which will judge the competition this year (and announce the winners in August) consists of Bob Cox, newly elected president of the Jaycees; Sidney L. James, Managing Editor of **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**; Bob Richards, Director of the Wheaties Sports Federation; Bob Cousy; Bobby Jones; Pat McCormick; Stan Musial; Floyd Patterson; Bonnie Prudden; Tobin Rote; and Bill Talbert.

The board's awards are a credit to some of those good citizens and Jaycees who have responded in thought and deed to the words of President Eisenhower two years ago: "There is a need for arousing in the American people a new awareness of the importance of physical and recreational activity that our young people may achieve a proper balance of physical, mental, emotional and spiritual strength."



BOB COX

*Harry Phillips*

"What you using for bait, Doc?"



"Just-as-good" is not good enough for the pros and amateurs playing in the 1958 P.C.A. sponsored tournaments. More of them are choosing Titleist than any other ball. Titleist, like all Acushnet balls, is sold through golf course pro shops only.



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# SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

## INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS—

**MILAN/APOLLO** early, transported to Italy for second year, again proved master of high-banked Monza oval as veteran Jim Rathmann of Miami won all three heats in his Zink-Lord Card Special, gave racing world new target to shoot at with 160.738-mph average, 31 mph faster than Indy record, for 500 miles. But one impressive and noteworthy fact was that famed Ferrari stable was able to produce 12-cylinder Indianapolis-type car, driven alternately by Phil Hill, Mike Hawthorn and Luigi Mossi, which was fast enough (155.136 mph) to place third behind Jimmy Bryan's Beloni AP Special. Race was marred by bitter feelings, fist shakings as Indy men used blocking tactics to prevent Phil Hill (in Ferrari), Sterling Moss (in Maserati-made special) from passing. Seated Indy Driver Roger Ward: "We are not sporting car drivers. We don't wave people past like gentlemen. We have to fight for our money."

**BOXING—CUE D'AMATO**, left promoterism when California refused to grant license to Al Weil because of his frequent gambling with Frankie Carbo (latest contact, two-hour boxing session in Agua Caliente), found young former TV knockout (Tele-Frumpier) Bill Rosenblatt ready (with \$100,000 in cash) to step into pitfalls. Result: D'Amato signed for Floyd Patterson to defend heavyweight title against Roy Harris August 18 at Los Angeles. Wrigley Field, Harris' manager, Lou Vaccaro, made another pay strike, dealt with IBC for lightweight title match between his champion, Joe Brown, and Kenney Lane at Houston, July 23.

**SOCCER—BRAZIL**, combining skillful footwork with arduous passwork, outbooted Sweden 5-2 at Stockholm, became first Latin American team to win World Cup on European soil (see page 19).

**BASEBALL—ST. LOUIS** was latent to make threatening gesture in National League, running off six straight, mostly at expense of slumping Pittsburgh, before Cards were pulled up short by Philadelphia, but moved within 2½ games of Milwaukee. Braves stretched long streak against Dodgers to nine but Hank Aaron's leg hat began to come around, boosted leaders to 7-3, 10-6 victories.

**CLEVELAND**, muddling around in sixth place, tried usual cure, fired Manager Bobby Bragan (who signed with Spokane), brought in old Indian Joe Gordon. But Yankees, with help of Walter Ford's 100th victory, held lead at 8½ games over Athletics at Boston, powered by Jackie Jensen's homers, trailed by 9½. Week's best pitching was turned in by Chicago's Billy Pierce (see below), who barely missed perfect game against Senators.

**GOLF—SKEEY WRIGHT**, willowy blonde from Chula Vista, Calif., belted away vigorously to put together rounds of 74, 72, 70, 74 for record 236 at Pontine, Mich., added U.S. Women's Open to PGA title she won last month (see page 26).

**IRELAND'S PHILOMENA GARETY**, star on Curtis Cup team since 1948, was caught with her chauvinism showing after glimpse of newly adapted Union Jack blazer badge got her Irish up, promptly withdrew from British squad which faces U.S. at Boston August 8, 9. Fumed Miss Garety: "I would wear a combination of the Union Jack and Irish trevor, or a bonnet, but I would be disgraced if I wore a Union Jack only."

**ARMOLD PALMER**, stroking masterfully for four straight days, was never in trouble, finished with sub-par 273 to win Pepsi Open and \$9,000 at East Norwich, N.Y. after petulant Tommy Bolt, finding his new halo too tight, picked up on 27th hole, was fined \$500 for this and other violations by a gassy PGA (see page 26).

**HORSE RACING—CAVAN**, deer-cheested Irish-bred who barreled into 3-year-old picture when Tim Tam suffered injury in Belmont Stakes, skinned up along rail under guidance of hot-riding jockey Pete Anderson (who brought his stakes earnings for last six weeks to \$20,527) to win \$47,900 Leonard Richard Stakes at Delaware Park, but pulled up lame, may have to pass up last Providence Stakes July 9. Meanwhile, Tim Tam, recuperating in Philadelphia but well enough to van back home to Calumet Farm after operation on cracked sesamoid bone, was reported to be taking limited walking exercises, lustily "swatting flies with his tail," and generally enjoying his fan mail. One sorry, from 11-year-old admirer: "I am sorry about your leg. I have wanted to learn to ride for a long time. Could you tell me how? And please get well soon. I love you lots. Your new friend, P.S. I'm a girl, if you wonder."

**ROUND TABLE**, frisky 4-year-old who stuffs more greenbacks into Owner Travis Keri's already bulging saddlebag just about every time he sets head on track, stepped off handsomely under guiding rail by jockey Willie Shoemaker, pranced home first in \$36,840 Arch Ward Memorial at Washington Park (see below) to haul down \$33,000, best earnings to \$1,990,014, participation as second greatest money winner in history, Next goal: Nantua's \$1,288,565

**BOATING—"EASTERNER"**, last of spanking-new America's Cup boats, got traditional sendoff from pretty 3-year-old Nancy Scott Hovey, who lustily swung bottle of Taylor's (New York State) Brut Champagne against bronze sternpiece to blaring cheers of firecrackers, horns and noisemakers, stepped back amid shower of bubbly sprays to watch Granddad Chandler Hovey Sr.'s mahogany-hulled little ship slide down ways at Marblehead's Little Harbor. Across sea, Briters were feeling more chipper after their somewhat shamed challenger, *Sceptic*, outfitted with handsome new hull and sailing in Newport-like weather, led *Eosine* from start to finish over triangular nine-mile course off Poole in Dorset to win by 2 minutes 14 seconds.

## focus on the deed . . .



**WORKING MILLIONAIRE** Round Table, second in all-time earnings, carries Willie Shoemaker to wire in the Arch Ward Memorial.



**WATERY PRESTIGES** Murray Rose (left) and Trayashi Yamataka trade greetings after Rose won 1,500-meter swim at Los Angeles.



**GRIM LEFT-HANDER** Pierce, who missed perfect game when Beaneater's Fitz Gerald hit two-out double in ninth, fires his fast ball.

**TENNIS**—WIMBLEDON continued to send its ardorers way toward climax, but biggest impression was left by Mimi Arnold, who learned her racket at foot of mother, longtime American Internationalist Ethel Burkhardt Arnold. First-seed Mimi upset Britain's lucky Chris Truman 10-8, 6-3 in fourth round (see below), gleefully squealed, "Mother will go mad."

PANCHO GONZALES, who never lets his feud with Promoter Jack Kramer stand in way of picking up dollars, lost to Lew Hoad 13-15, 6-8, 6-4, but came away with \$3,000 first prize in pro round-robin in New York. Pan then moved on to Los Angeles, where Pancho Segura, upset Gonzales in opener of similar tournament.

**SWIMMING**—U.S. JAPANESE, AUSTRALIAN-D.S. staged three-day record-breaking spree at Los Angeles, shattered five world, seven U.S. marks. World records fell to Japan's Takashi Ichimura, who churned 100-meter butterfly in 1:09.1 and led 400-meter medley relay team to 4:16.7 clocking. Butter-flyer Nancy Ramsey, who covered 100 meters in 1:59.6 and 200 meters in 2:40.0; Sylvia Ruuska, who hustled through 400-meter individual medley in 5:46.8.

**HARNESS RACING**—BEL MILLER, sulky sport's premiere trainer-driver (51, June 30), was suspended for 15 days, will be unable to drive either of his two favored pacers (Thorpe and O'Brien Hanover) in rich Messenger Stakes at Roosevelt Raceway July 4. Reason, highly questionable decision by substitute judges that Miller's handling of pacer Meadow Lane forced outside seat of way for last-place finish, but only 1/2 of second off his best time for season) in eighth race June 27 was "inconsistent with an attempt to win," first such accusation in Miller's 29-year career.

**MILEPOST**—MARRIED—DAVE SIMS, 21, medical school-bound ex-Duke sprinter, holder of five world records; and schoolmate Elizabeth Ellen Quillen, 29; at Birmingham, Mich.



**ARTFUL INDONESIA** Tan Joe Hok, unbeaten in Thomson Cup play, earned recognition as the world's unofficial badminton champion.

## FOR THE RECORD

**BOATING**—MAYERACE, driven by Bill Strod, Discounted Cap for unbeaten legend, with 101 720-hp average, *Glenn D'Almeida, Idaho*.  
TED SHADLOCK, 11-year-old, 19-yr., 29-m., Wrentham-based outboard sensation, in 1:48.19, with 21 1/2-hp average, *Paul du Lar, Wis*.  
RUFAL CHRISTIAN, 17, over Australia TT, 3-5, full (overboard) series, *Cocoa, Isle of Wight*.  
**BOXING**—BOBBY CALDWELL, 10-round decision over Rocky Boyd, middleweight, *Chicago*.  
WILLIE GREAVES, 10-round decision over Ota Woodard, middleweight, *New York*.  
JOHNNY BUSSO, 10-round split decision over Carlos Ortiz, lightweight, *New York*.  
ROMAN (ALDO) BUCKLEY, 7-round TKO over Julio Truena, featherweight (South), *London*.  
WILLIE PEAR, 10-round decision over Pat McCoy, featherweight, *New Bedford, Mass*.

**GOLF**—BILL CASPER JR., Apple Valley, Calif., Bank Open, with 125 for 72 holes, *Grand Blanc, Mich*.  
PHIL MORGENSEN, Houston, over Johnny Kautz, Purcell, 5 and 7, NCAA 195, *Williamstown, Mass*.  
NORMAN SUTTON, Brixton, over Gene Berenson, 2 and 1, world or pro title, *Liverpool, England*.

**HARNESS RACING**—ANNA DARES BELSIO, *Deseret Trail*, 1 m., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 2:07.4.8, *Rosemead Racetrack, Johnny Simpson, driver*.

**HORSE RACING**—PROMISED LAND, 84,700 *Manassasville H.*, 7 1/4 m., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 2:01.1/5, *St. Paul Downs, Peter Anderson up*.  
ANNIE-LU-SAN, 848,700 *Yonkers H.*, 7 1/4 m., by 1 1/2 lengths, in 2:05, *Malpene Park, Bill Skinner up*.  
BOLD BOLDLY, 848,700 *Stevens H.*, 1 1/4 m., by 5 lengths, in 1:25.4/5, *Belmont, Eddie Aronoff up*.

**INTERNATIONAL MOTOR SPORTS**—LEE PETTY, *Rockingham, N.C.*, NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., in 2:28.00, with 49 7/10-hp average, at *New Market, Pa.*, in 1:34.96, with 65 1/10-hp average, at *Midway, N.C.*, both in 1957.  
RICK WHITE, *Silver Springs, Md.*, NASCAR 100-m. Grand Natl., in 2:21.12, with 52 1/10-hp average, at *East Chicago, Indiana, N.C.*.  
BILL BOESMER, *Forrester, Calif.*, USAC 100-m. with 52-hp average, in 1:34.14/7, with 54 1/10-hp average, *Lewistown, Pa.*.  
WILLIAM SAUNDERS, *St. Catharines, Ont.*, 75 1/2 m., *Gore Champ.*, in 32:52.01, at *Sally-Corville, Fortville, N.Y.*, runner up. Dr. F. D. Martin, *Chickasha, Okla.*, in 32:52.01, at *Forrester, Mich.*, in 32:52.01, at *Forrester, Mich.*.

**POLO**—MEADOW BROOK, over *Andalus (Meredith)*, 6-4, *Jersey, N.Y.*

**TRACK & FIELD**—HOWARD SMITH, 5 *California States*, with AAU prediction 195, with 2,500 yds., 32 *Houston, Calif.*

**WRESTLING**—MUSKIE, 4 *International Union, World Cup team title, Budapest*.



**DETERMINED RETRIEVER** Mimi Arnold, only 5 feet 1 inch and barely 100 pounds, returns shot in Wimbledon upset over Chris Truman,

## faces in the crowd...



MARILYN BELL, 29, freckled and pretty Canadian who proved her endurance by being first to swim Lake Ontario, later conquered English Channel, was named to Canada's Sports Hall of Fame.



BOB GARMON, onetime second baseman for Yankees and Indians, last year manager of San Francisco's PCL champions, has been replaced by Frank Lane to replace Bobby Bragan. "Bring order out of chaos" in Cleveland.



TENNY LATHERS, another of Australia's young men in a hurry, warmed up for Empire Games by breaking three world breaststroke records at Brisbane 1:22.1 for 119 yards, 2:34.5 for 200 yards and 2:20 yards.



MRS. EVELYN MULA, Malvern, Pa., housewife and mother of three children, one of them married, still finds time to race fast cars. Last week drove AC Dwyer to victory in production race at Watkins Glen, N.Y.



MAX CONRAD, 55, grandfather, dreamer, poet, author, athlete, musician whose occupation is flying mail planes across ocean for delivery, made 34th flight, landed at Palermo, Sicily, weary but grinning.



DARLENE HARD, Pomona College coed who was Wimbledon finalist in 1957, passed up trip abroad to take crack at UCLA college girls' title, breezed to final at St. Louis, where she beat Owen McHane 6-3, 6-4.

CARL STOCKHOLM, Chicago businessman and former cycling star has been named chairman of organizing committee for 1958 Pan-American Games, will have big job of coordinating activities for some 200 events.



BRAZILIAN FRENZY: ATTACKER VAVA GRIMLY CHARGES PAST FRENCH DEFENDER; SANTOS THWARTS A SOVIET ATTACK WITH AN

## SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 7, 1958

# THE SAMBA NO

**Brazil led the others a not-so-merry dance in the World Soccer Cup—against a lurid background of venturesome young blondes, political wrangles and superartistic football**

by JOHN MULLIKEN

IN Stockholm's Rasunda Stadium, 50,000 humans watched the last seconds of the final of the World Soccer Cup between Brazil and Sweden. It had been raining, and under heavy skies pools of water and churned-up patches of mud gave the players a precarious footing.

Most of the fans present, naturally, were Swedes. Now they had lost hope of winning, but they were still dazed by the display of soccer art they had been offered. The Brazilian fans were echoing the slogan which at that moment virtually their whole nation was chanting: "*São João, São João, que o Brasil seja campeão* [Saint John, Saint John, make Brazil champion]."

Their prayer was answered by a far-from-divine figure in a neat dark blue sweater and shorts: the referee. One hand brought his whistle to his

mouth for the long, final blast, and the other swung in an arc to indicate the end of the game.

It was all over. Brazil had won its first World Soccer Cup, a 30-centimeter-high statuette of a woman which was offered in 1930 and is now the most envied trophy in the world's biggest international sport; it is arguably the most desired sporting prize in the world.

Brazil itself went wild. (On the day of the semifinals President Juscelino Kubitschek had evaded questions from 20 Pan-American ambassadors on the grounds that "Today is football day"; the Senate suspended session when three consecutive senators surrendered the floor to go pick up the game on the radio; a murder trial in Rio was adjourned when prosecutor, defendant and his counsel and the

jurymen all rose to cheer the news sneaked into the courtroom that Brazil had scored its first goal against France; after the game, the streets of Rio and São Paulo were ankle-high in spent firecrackers, confetti and streams of toilet paper.) But from Vladivostok to Peru, soccer fans had been hanging on to their seats ever since the first qualifying game was played in Vienna on September 30, 1956, when the Austrian national team beat Luxembourg 7 to 0.

From that day on, for almost every month over the next year and a half, somewhere in the world national teams were fighting for the great prize. Fifty-three nations, the largest in world cup history, registered for this competition. Uruguay was the first winner in 1930, and the Italians were world champions in 1934 and 1938. Uruguay regained the title in the first postwar contest, and in 1954 West Germany upset all expert predictions by winning the coveted cup in Switzerland.

Although this championship was fought out smoothly enough, it was not without its incidents. Some national personalities, molded either by



OVERHEAD KICK: YAYA FLIES THROUGH TO SCORE. PELE GETS A GOAL, AND PELE-HELL PLAYERS FOLLOW THE BALL INTO THE NET

# ONE COULD MATCH

current politics or by ancient differences, were unable to overcome these prejudices.

Politics turned the Afro-Asian sector into a shambles. In Group One, Nationalist China withdrew rather than play Indonesia, which defeated Red China to take the group title. In Group Two, Turkey resigned in a huff when she was classified as Afro-Asian rather than European, thereby waiving an almost certain passage to the tournament's last 16 and leaving Israeli winner of the group. Cyprus could not get together on arrangements to meet the Egyptians, to whom the Group Three title was thus relinquished without contest. Sudan beat Syria in Group Four, but neither Sudan nor Egypt would agree to play Israel. Then Indonesia could not agree on a neutral site on which to play Israel and also withdrew from the fray.

Thus Israel was technically and comically the victor in a vast section without having played a game. But the organizing committee decided no nation could join the last 16 without having at least one scalp to its belt and ordered Israel to meet one of the

runners-up (Wales) in another group. Wales beat Israel and earned an unexpected trip to Stockholm.

Politics queered some of the Latin American playoffs, too. When Guatemala acquired a new president via the assassination of the old one, he suspended his team's cup play. Venezuela also withdrew, but belatedly, and was fined 5,000 Swiss francs by the organizers.

Otherwise the qualifying rounds went off fairly well. There was, of course, the tragedy of Italy, which, having twice won the cup, considers herself the traditional favorite. So much so, in fact, that in 1957 the Milan newspaper, *Il Giorno*, published in full color, over its entire front page, a picture of 11 footballers and the loud caption, "This is the team which goes to Sweden."

Italy had overlooked Northern Ireland, its next opponent. The Italians and Irish played one tied game, which was recorded as "a friendly" (because the Hungarian referee was fog-bound and failed to show) but which was one of the roughest international soccer games ever seen. Then Northern Ireland won the replay; Italy was

struck with deep sadness and *Il Giorno* with amazement.

When the last 16 teams got to Sweden for the end rounds (14 of which had battled their way through, plus West Germany and Sweden, automatically seeded as cup holder and host nation, respectively), incidents of another nature developed.

It was freely predicted that the fiery Latin Americans might have trouble getting enough rest for the three-week grind to the finals, and on this score the experts were right. The Argentines were mobbed on arrival by dozens of blonde Swedish teenagers, who seem to have clung to their heroes for almost every moment when they were not on the field. The Argentines, champions of South America, won one game, lost two and finished last in their group. And when they got back to Argentina, thousands greeted them with an assortment of stones, boos and rotten vegetables.

The dark villains of Argentina were not alone in getting behind with their sleep. The Mexican manager moved his entire squad from the first to the fifth

continued

floor of his hotel, explaining that this made it more difficult for the girls to climb through the windows. Mexico finished at the bottom of Group Three.

One reporter coming home at 2 a.m. in a small town in the south of Sweden where the North Irish were playing amused himself for half an hour by counting the girls climbing out of the windows in the hotel where the boys from Belfast were staying; he counted four before he got bored.

Then some of the fans got into hot water. Wildly enthusiastic West Germans poured into Sweden to cheer "our World Champions." German tourists outside their own country are pretty hard to stomach anyway, but here they have outdone themselves. Continuously drunk, singing arrogantly, flashing money and breaking all speed laws in their Mercedeses, they earned this rebuke in their own *Süddeutsche Zeitung*: "We too desire one more, even two more, German victories, but we are scared of you, ladies and gentlemen. Even more in victory than in defeat." The editorialist's fears were set at rest when Germany lost to Sweden 3-1 in the semifinals.

Swedish fans were better behaved but wonderfully enthusiastic. The home team always has a definite edge in soccer, and the Swedes are the only ones who have perfected organized cheering. Their deafening "*Heja Sverige friskt hemmer, det är det som*

*svaren goer, heja, heja, heja* [Come on, Sweden, healthy spirits, that is what will do the trick, come on, come on, come on!]" played a major part in taking the team all the way to the final. Needless to say, the Swedes' organized cheering was brought home by a tourist who saw some college football in the U.S.

But the Brazilian fan yielded to nobody in sheer enthusiasm. No one stands for long between him and his team, and that goes for the Brazilians among the 1,800 reporters who covered the games. After the 5-2 win over France in the semifinal, journalists and fans, many wrapped in the Brazilian flag, swarmed down to the dressing room. Access was supposed to be barred immediately after a game, and two guards were put at the door to enforce the rule.

The guards were matched way over their heads. They were knocked down and trampled on. The secretary of the press committee came in to impose discipline and was locked in a closet.

None of this, however, should make us forget the often colorful and occasionally magnificent soccer we witnessed. The 16 nations were divided into four groups of four which played each other once. From them eventually emerged four for straight semifinals and finals, with the two defeated semifinalists meeting for third ranking.

Somewhat sad was the downfall of England, the spiritual home of soccer. But the English did have the

Atta 1 Nelly  
nou avon gage



LONG-DISTANCE victory call from the record goal-scoring French forward, Juste

satisfaction of holding Brazil to a 0-0 tie and were the only ones who managed to stop the wondermen from South America. Nevertheless, Brazil was the victor in this group, beating Austria, Soviet Russia and Wales. Germany's biggest triumph was the 3-1 win over Argentina. Sweden was the third semifinalist and France the fourth.

The French turned out to be the most underrated players in the tournament. They developed a brilliant attack, sparked by Center Forward Raymond Kopa and their slim, black-haired inside forward, Juste Fontaine, who set a personal scoring record (13 goals) for world cup games. France lost 5-2 to Brazil in the semi-



CLASSICAL SOCCER picture shows Swedish Left Winger Lennart Skoglund (arms joyously spread) scoring first of his team's

three goals which eliminated cup holder, Western Germany. Dejected goalkeeper sees low, hard shot go into corner of net.



Fontaine, to wife, snapped by Paris-Midi photographers in Sweden and France.

final but easily beat Germany in the playoff for third ranking.

Over 800,000 paid to watch the games in 12 Swedish towns—some-what less than expected, because several of the best games were televised over the Eurovision network which covers all Europe. But it was a sell-out crowd of 50,000 which poured into Stockholm's Rasunda Stadium for the Sweden-Brazil final last Sunday. Powder-blue-uniformed police lined the route; the deafening roar which greeted the two elevens when they took the field was indicative of the anticipation with which the soccer world was looking forward to this clash between two teams of sharply divergent styles. The artistic, dazzling Brazilians, who do not like the hard-tackling type of defense which characterizes European soccer, were expected to be troubled by the vigor of the straight-shooting Swedes.

The trouble, as it emerged, was minor. The Brazilians delivered one of the greatest soccer exhibitions ever seen. They were magical, and they were presenting to the world a new type of football—the best of the South American type which is also the ultimate in modern soccer; soft, yet marked by pin-point precision, fantastic dribbling, lateral and forward, climaxed by booming, goal-jarring shots into the net.

The Swedes fought all the way but were outclassed by a team in which every man was a star. They started dramatically with a goal by their inside left, Nils Liedholm, in the fourth minute. The stadium rocked. Such an opening to a tense game would have put any team inferior to Brazil

off its stride. But the South Americans equalized three minutes later through their center forward Vava (Evaldo Netto is his real name, but Brazilian players go by nicknames and are so listed in the official program). Vava scored again the first half, and in the second half more goals came from Pelé, Zagalo and Pelé again. Sweden's second goal, by Agne Simonsson 10 minutes from the end, hardly seemed to count.

If there was a star among stars, it was Pelé (Evaldo Alves Santarosa). Of this 17-year-old soccer genius, Johnny Best (the only American who is a fully qualified international soccer referee) said: "The great player of the last few years was England's Stanley Matthews, but this boy may be even greater. He is the great potential player in football today."

Another giant was Garrincha (Mannoel dos Santos). His biggest game was against France in the semifinal. I watched him when the whole stadium was doing likewise, strangely hushed. Garrincha stood off to the right of the French goal, waiting, bending forward over the ball which seemed tied to his boot, the large black 11 on his orange jersey turned upward. Now a blue-shirted French fullback began edging slowly toward Garrincha. Garrincha still waited, his black hair hanging forward, but as the Frenchman came closer his short, wide body began to twitch and jerk, like a good base runner taking a

lead and trying to confuse the pitcher.

The Frenchman lunged and then Garrincha went. He moved toward the Frenchman and the goal behind him and suddenly swerved to his left. The defender swerved to follow the orange jersey, but the white ball was tapped in the other direction. Then Garrincha was around the spinning Frenchman and back with the ball. In effect, he had passed to himself. Now he burst toward goal, and the motionless twitching had become a blur of speed. As he was checked by two more blue shirts he side-booted the ball to another orange jersey 10 feet to his left, but kept going. Five paces later the ball reappeared at his feet, perfectly passed back by a teammate. In one tremendous, fluid movement he shot at the goal while still on the dead run. The French goalkeeper dived despairingly, and the crowd let out a hiss of tension that sounded like air escaping from a giant balloon.

This was only one of the fabulous individual and team efforts to which the Brazilians treated us. When the postfinal hubbub had died down and the lights were on in the stands, I had a word with Danny Blanchflower, Northern Ireland's captain and Britain's footballer of the year. His quiet, almost sad verdict: "Well, it's amazing . . . they are all great players. I hope they never come to England. One at a time, maybe, but never together." END

THE MAGICIAN was nickname of Brazil's well-equipped trainer, Manoel Amaral.



INJURED FRENCHMAN, Robert Jonquet, was carried off in game with Brazil.



# AN ELECTION BY PEERS

In a desperate moment the Commissioner of Baseball threw the annual All-Star vote into the laps of the players. The result was a couple of the fairest, most sensible teams in years  
by ROY TERRELL

ON the back of a plain, simple ballot which appeared in the dressing rooms of all 16 big league teams last week, there was a handful of plain, simple instructions. Four concerned the proper method for selecting the starting players, exclusive of pitchers, for the 1958 Major League All-Star Game. Since this was the first time the players themselves had been entrusted with suffrage, the fifth instruction contained a cautionary note. "Your league's team," it said, "will be representing you. Make your choices carefully."

The result, a sporting justification of the system of election by peers, was excellent. With the one major avenue of temptation securely barred—players could not vote for their teammates

—the pros sat down one afternoon in their lockers and on rubbing tables and across equipment trunks, chewed the ends of their pencils, whispered briefly of matters concerning home runs and batting averages and then cast their ballots for the players they wanted to represent them in Baltimore on July 8. The two teams which emerged were good. More important, they were fair. The balloting has not always produced such happy results in the past.

Except for the early years, when the dirty work sometimes fell to the lot of the managers, the fans have named the All-Star teams and, since the game was originally conceived some 25 years ago for the pleasure of the fans, perhaps this was only right.

But the vote, annually produced after weeks of great labor and reflecting sectional pride and prejudice to a marked degree—not to mention stuffed ballot boxes and uncounted ballots and miscounted ballots—was generally a miserable affair, bringing forth loud moans of anguish and piercing recriminations. Finally the Commissioner of Baseball, Mr. Ford Frick, had to step in and attempt to salvage some sense out of the mess. He ended up by dumping the whole thing in the laps of those best qualified to do the voting in the first place.

As disappointing as it may have been to that section of the populace which feels that an All-Star ballot without a squabble is something like Bardot without a bath towel—no suspense—the 1958 method of player selection appears to be here to stay. The team which has emerged is a refreshing one and emphasizes the fact that no one is in a better position to gauge the ability of a ballplayer than another ballplayer. At virtually every position, the man selected is the one best qualified by virtue of his performance this year to do the job. Not his performance last year or the year before but this year.

The National League starting lineup includes Stan Musial, Willie Mays and Ernie Banks, who were automatic choices. At third, Frank Thomas had to beat out impressive opposition, but who could overlook the league leader in home runs and runs batted in? And Del Crandall, having his best year, was clearly superior to any number of other National League catchers who seemed intent only upon having their worst.

The two most heartening selections—and two which would probably have been overlooked by the fans—were Bill Mazeroski and Bob Skinner. That Mazeroski was picked to play second base over Johnny Temple and Don Blasingame and Red Schoendienst would indicate the regard fellow professionals have for the young Pirate's more powerful bat and magical touch afield. As for Skinner, the players on seven other teams



RIVAL ALL-STAR MANAGERS Casey Stengel and Fred Haney endorsed new system by naming second choices in virtually every case to fill out the remainder of their squads.



## BASEBALL AND CRAB CAKES

consider him one of the sharpest hitters around, and the fact that they are the ones who have to worry about him was reflected in the vote.

The same thing happened in the American League. Frank Malzone was an easy choice at third base, while the players took one look at Jackie Jensen's redoubtable year and put him in right field by a wide margin over Al Kaline, who has been picking up his average in leaps and bounds but remains far back of the Red Sox slugger in run production. They liked Bill Skowron's power (at first) over Mickey Vernon's consistent high average and evidently used the same critique in favoring Catcher Gus Triandos over Sherm Lollar. Nellie Fox nosed out another superlative second baseman, Gil McDougald, by four votes in the closest contest of all. And slick little Luis Aparicio, perhaps the best-fielding shortstop in all baseball, just managed to slip past Tony Kubek and Rocky Bridges, despite less impressive batting credentials, in another close vote which could have gone any one of three ways. As for Mickey Mantle, despite his slump, the powerful Yankee center fielder continued to hit home runs while his one serious rival, Harvey Kuenn, was hurt.

But it remained for Bob Cerv, as it did for Skinner and Mazerolski in the National League, to emphasize the justice of this year's system. It is almost impossible to leave Ted Williams out of left field on an American League All-Star team, particularly when one considers the tremendous esteem in which he is held by other ballplayers. Yet that is what happened simply because Cerv has been doing such a heroic job.

Perhaps the one truly questionable choice anywhere was Hank Aaron in right field for the Nationals. He has won batting and home run and RBI championships in the past but is slumping badly this year. Then again, maybe the players named him over Lee Walls, who probably deserved the honor, just to prove that they were human after all. **END**

For memorable moments in a quarter century of All-Star play, see next six pages

For a detailed comparative analysis of this year's All-Star teams, turn to page 44

*The All-Star Game is one of baseball's two annual events—the World Series is the other—when hundreds of thousands who are not devotees of the sport are prepared to give it some attention. For them—whether they be in Baltimore in the flesh or watching the national telecast, whether ladies pressed into service by the enthusiasm of their kin or men whose ordinarily casual interest in the game is heightened by the importance of the event—we offer these tips to heighten their enjoyment of the afternoon of July 8.*

► **Keep score.** It has something of the challenge of a crossword puzzle, and it does more to explain the ramifications of the game than all the guides in the world. Like chess, it takes only five minutes to learn, though a lifetime to perfect. Ask the fan next to you to show you how.

► **A smart batter will often try to hit "behind" the runner, that is, to the right field side.** A ground ball in that direction is less likely to result in a double play, and a base hit through to the outfield almost guarantees that the base runner will be able to go all the way around to third base.

► **"Lost him,"** you'll hear the TV announcer say, or the fellow in the next row. Means the pitcher, working carefully on the batter, threw ball four, thus giving friend batter a base on balls and, for the moment, victory in their personal duel.

► **The checked swing** is almost always confusing. The batter rips his bat around hard enough to beat a moose, yet the umpire calls the pitch a ball (if the pitch is outside the strike zone). Why? The umpire has decided it was not a swing (and thus a strike) but a half swing. What is a swing, a half-swing? There is no official definition of either, but the accepted difference lies in whether or not the batter's wrists "break" during the swing. And whether they do or not is entirely up to the umpire to decide.

► **"Quick hands" and "good hands"** and "great pair of hands" are variations of the same cliché, which describes a fielder with superior reflexes and a high degree of eye-hand coordination. Such a fielder (Luis Aparicio is one) is a delight to watch, so forgive the cliché.

► **"Great wrists" or "wrist hitter"** is a parallel cliché for those batters who flick the bat like a fly rod (watch Henry Aaron, Nellie Fox), whereas others (Bill Skowron, for instance) bludgeon the ball.

► **The white bag** that pitchers so often resort to is the resin bag, a small porous sack of, yes, resin, a slightly sticky substance that gives the hand a better purchase on the ball. Batters also use a resin bag.

► **The "take sign"** is a signal from the manager to the third-base coach to the batter, and it means "Don't swing at this pitch." This is almost invariably the case if the batter has a count of three balls and no strikes, the theory being that the pitcher, wild for the moment, may continue wild and give up ball four. Even if he throws a strike the batter is still in a dominant position. Of course, a weak batter may also be given the take with a three-and-one count. If the pitcher then throws a second strike the batter is entitled to turn and glower at the manager.

► **The "hit sign"** is given when plays are set for the "hit and run." On this the runner on first takes off with the pitch; the batter is obliged to hit the ball, wherever it is pitched, in order to prevent the catcher from throwing the runner out at second. Ideally, the batter will hit the ball safely and the runner, with his head start, will gain an extra base. When executed by a deft batter (say, Harvey Kuenn) behind a good base runner, it is a lovely play to see.

► **Above all, if you're in Baltimore** for the game, be sure to have some Maryland crab cakes. If you're in the TV crowd, make your own. (Recipe from *The Gourmet Cook Book*: Beat 1 egg, combine with 1½ cups bread crumbs. Mince 1 small onion, 1 small green pepper; add 2 tablespoons finely chopped celery, brown and add to egg mix, along with 1 pound flaked crabmeat. Add ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon thyme, a few dashes cayenne. Mix well, stir in 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 2 tablespoons minced parsley. Chill for 1 hour, form small cakes, fry in deep fat.) They're delicious with white wine, baseball and tartar sauce.

ROBERT CREAMER

## WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

# 25 YEARS OF ALL-STARS

### THE ORIGINS The first All-Star teams 1933



**AMERICAN LEAGUE.** Front row: Eddie Collins (coach), Tony Lazzeri, Al Crowder, Jimmy Foxx, Art Fletcher (coach), Earl Averill, Ed Rommel (coach), Ben Chapman, Rick Ferrell, Sam West, Charley Gehringer, bat boy. Back row: Lou Gehrig, Babe Ruth, Oral Hildebrand, Connie Mack (manager),

Joe Crenin, Lefty Grove, clubhouse boy, Bill Dickey, Al Simmons, Lefty Gomez, Wes Ferrell, Jimmy Dykes, clubhouse boy. Collins, Foxx, Gehringer, Gehrig, Ruth, Mark, Crenin, Grove, Dickey and Simmons were later elected to baseball's Hall of Fame. The American League won the first All-Star Game 4-2.

### THE GREAT PITCHERS



**1934** Carl Hubbell and Lefty Gomez. In 1934 game Hubbell struck out Ruth, Gehrig, Foxx, Simmons and Cronin in succession. Gomez started five All-Star Games, was winning pitcher in three; no one else has won even two.



**1937** Dizzy Dean, 26, gazes sadly at big toe broken by line drive in 1937 game. Injury led to the arm trouble that ruined his brilliant career.

When the first All-Star Game was played in 1933 it was tied in as a promotional device to Chicago's gala world's fair, The Century of Progress. A newspaper vote elected 18 players to each squad and named Connie Mack and John McGraw as managers. Babe Ruth hit a home run, and everything went beautifully. Even so, no one really expected the game to survive, and critics later actually called for its abandonment. But, as the pictures on these pages demonstrate, its perfection as a showense for the great players and its habit of producing unforgettable moments caused it to flourish beyond all expectation, until now, as it celebrates its silver anniversary, it ranks second only to the World Series as baseball's great annual event.



THE GREAT MANAGERS: MACK AND MCGRAW



**NATIONAL LEAGUE.** Front row: 1st boy, Popper Martin, Lon Warneke, Tony Cuccinello. Second row: Bill Hallahan, Dick Bartell, Bill Terry, Bill McKechnie (coach), John McGraw (manager), Max Carey (coach), Chick Haley, Chuck Klein, Lefty O'Doul, Wally Berger. Back row: Gabby Hartnett,

Jimmy Wilson, Frank Frisch, Carl Hubbell, Bill Walker (batting practice pitcher), Paul Waner, Woody English, Hal Schumacher, Pie Traynor, Andy Lothaw (trainer). National League players had special uniforms made for the game. Hall of Famers: Terry, McGraw, Hartnett, Frisch, Hubbell, Waner, Traynor.



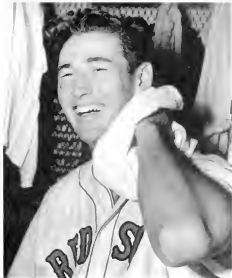
**1939** Bob Feller, only 20, is greeted (left) by Joe Cronin and Catcher Bill Dickey as he relieves in sixth inning after Nationals, losing 3-1, filled bases with one out. Feller threw just one



pitch (center), got Arky Vaughan to hit into "fastest double play ever made"—Second Baseman Joe Gordon to Cronin (pitching post runner Mel Ott) to First Baseman Hank Greenberg.

## THE GREAT HITTERS SHOW OFF AT ALL-STAR TIME

**1941** Youthful Ted Williams (he was only 22) laughs with delight after his three-run homer with two out in ninth gave American League 7-5 win.



**1950** Longest All-Star Game ever played was won by the Nationals in 14th inning when Red Schoendienst (left), rounding third, hit homer.



**1955** The second longest game was won by Schoendienst's longtime friend and roommate, Stan Musial. With the score tied 5-5, Musial hit the first pitch in the last half of the 12th inning for a home run. The National League bench boded onto the field (right) to welcome Musial as he reached home plate with the winning run. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's readers are invited to try to identify the National Leaguers welcoming Musial.





**1946** The first postwar All-Star Game was a 12-0 rout of the National League by the American, and once again the hero was Ted Williams, back from his first tour of military duty and playing in Fenway Park before a home-town crowd of appre-

ciative Boston Red Sox fans. Up five times, he walked, hit two singles and two homers, scored four runs and batted in five. The climax of the game was his second home run (above), the first ever hit off Rip Sewell's famous supersoft "blooper" pitch.





**1951** Richie Ashburn's amazing leap and one-handed grab of a fly ball against the outfield fence is only one in a long series of superb fielding plays that have decorated the All-Star Game. Fans still talk of Joe Gordon and Enos Slaughter and even Ted Williams, who made a brilliant catch in 1949.

**WONDERFUL WORLD** continued

## MORE THAN ANYTHING THE FIELDING IS ALL-STAR CALIBER



**1956** There has never been a more acrobatic display of infielding skills than that put on by Ken Boyer in 1956. In the first inning (top strip) he dove headlong to his left to catch a line drive hit by Harvey Kuenn. In the fifth he dove just as far to his right to stop a sharp ground ball hit by Kuenn, then rose and threw Harvey out at first base.





## ONE GREAT ARGUMENT

**1954** Red Schoendienst tried to steal home with two out in the eighth inning and was called out. National Leagueers bitterly insisted that the American League pitcher had balled. Here Charlie Grimm (48) continues protest, with Leo Durocher and Al Dark standing by. Schoendienst turns to fire a parting shot, but Stan Musial dumps away to dug-out and Manager Walt Alston goes to mound. Umpire Stewart ignores them all.



# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## Wimbledon Begins

**J**UST AFTER Wimbledon got under way, the London *Daily Sketch* ran this headline blast: KEEP AWAY FROM OUR KIDS, KRAMER. WE DIDN'T GROOM THEM FOR YOU.

The story beneath it explained that Jack Kramer, the wealthy promoter of professional tennis from the U.S.A., was at Wimbledon to shop around for talent among the amateurs. It warned him off the six British players who "are on the fringe of world class," and in passing it denounced him as "Public Enemy No. 1 to amateur lawn tennis."

For the U.S., the sharpest point of the *Daily Sketch's* story was that Jack Kramer had to go abroad to do his shopping. He couldn't find anyone worth offering his money to at home, because the United States is now in its worst tennis slump in 30 years. U.S. men haven't won the Davis Cup since 1954. A few days ago, U.S. women lost the Wightman Cup to the British for the first time since 1930. The American men's singles champion is an Australian rancher named Mal Anderson. And the only seeding an American could achieve in the men's singles ranks at Wimbledon this year was Barry MacKay's eighth—behind four Australians, a Chilean, a Dane and a Swede. Even MacKay's No. 8 was described by one blunt Britisher as "a kindness to the United States."

There were a few bright spots. Althea Gibson of New York, who was top-seeded among the women, reached the quarter-finals without losing a set. And tiny, spunky Mimi Arnold of Redwood City, Calif. did a brisk job on Saturday of upsetting Britain's six-foot, second-seeded Christine Truman 10-8, 6-3. But after Althea what? The most prom-

ising youngsters in women's tennis were not turning up in the U.S., but in places like England and Brazil.

Actually, the *Daily Sketch* was wrong to label Jack Kramer the Public Enemy No. 1 of amateur tennis. From the British or Australian point of view, Kramer is a benefactor whose good works began more than a decade ago and haven't stopped yet. By taking 1) himself and 2) Pancho Gonzales out of the amateur ranks Kramer removed from contention two American players who, over the years, could have handled with ease anybody the other tennis nations

have come up with. (Both men have demonstrated this by defeating former amateur champions on the pro tour as fast as they could be bought up.)

Still, there is no use crying over spilt money, especially Jack Kramer's. The lamentable fact is, the U.S. ought to be producing enough good tennis players to stock both the pro ranks and the amateurs—and the U.S. isn't.

Why not? And when will the boom days return? Well, the United States Lawn Tennis Association is glad you asked them that. They point to their





Junior Development Program, which is aiming to build up tennis counterparts of Little League baseball wherever tennis courts can be found—or built. They point to their plan to give free tournament tickets to junior groups so that they can get some idea of what big league tennis is. And they point to an enlarged program for the Junior Davis Cup Squad which will give promising 18-year-olds a longer season of tournament play. All this, the USLTA hopes, will pay off in the future—the happy result of giving U.S. tennis a broader grass-roots base than it has ever had before.

Meanwhile, at Wimbledon, the over-aged and the under-seasoned, like the faculty and cadets of some besieged military school, were holding out as best they could. Gardnar Mulloy, 44; Budge Patty, 35; and Barry MacKay, 22, won their third-round matches on Saturday, and a well-earned sabbatical rest. (Of the 12 other Americans who entered the men's singles championship, four were eliminated in the first round, seven in the second and one in the third.) What remained of the troops still faced the toughest part of the battle, but reinforcements were on the way. The trouble was, it would take them several years to get there.

### Departure in Cleveland

**A**SIDE from the rather obvious fact that his club was in sixth place, what happened—really—to persuade Frank Lane to fire Bobby Bragan as manager of the Cleveland Indians? The day after the execution there wasn't much doubt in Bragan's mind about the reasons for it.

"Turnstiles," he said. "Just turnstiles, mostly. Frank Lane was all right. He was just fine, we were in unison on players. But theah was a lot of pressure on Frank from the directors. They were watchin' the turnstiles—not the team. Win or lose, nobody came to the games.

"If Herb Score's arm had been all right Ah truly believe we'd have been five games up from .500 instead of five games down—but it wouldn't have made 10,000 people difference in the attendance.

"It's a tough situation. When Hank

Greenberg hired me, he said, 'A lot of people want Joe Gordon, he played heah a long time, the directors think he'd draw. But you're my man.' In Tucson an American League umpire told me, 'You think you had it tough in Pittsburgh, wait till Cleveland.'

"It ain't just winnin'—you gotta belong. Ah never did get into the pool over heah—I just walked around it and stuck mah foot in but I couldn't get under that water. As an old Cleveland hero, Joe Gordon belongs, but it's goin' to be tough for him, too. Ah'll say one thing, though—if he can't bring 'em in, it wouldn't help to recruit, well, one of the blessed saints."

What now, Mr. Bragan? "Ah got two offers from two minor league clubs—one Coast, one International, to take over right now."

Was Bragan prepared to settle for a minor league assignment?

"Temporarily, let us say," said Bragan, sounding entirely undismayed. "Aftuh gettin' fished twice in one year, the time may be at hand to regroup—to consolidate the forces, you might say."

### Competitive Spirit

**R**EMEMBER that dusty sculpture depicted in your high school Latin book showing Romulus, Remus and the She-Wolf? Well, they have just been drafted for the 1960 Olym-

pics in Rome. The Italian National Olympics committee has picked the old statuary cluster, over 248 other designs submitted in open competition, as the symbol of the XVIIth Olympiad.

For Olympic purposes, the cast-off twins are repused over the date MCMLX and the five interlocked circles of the Olympic continents. Over



all, a look of adoloescent astonishment on her face, stands the nurturing wolf.

All this seems well and good in a general way, but an uneasy recollection lingers that Romulus and Remus got mixed up in some un-Olympic conduct. Didn't Romulus commence to build the walls of Rome, and didn't Remus come along and vault contemptuously over all this hard work? And didn't Romulus, with no taste for field sports that day, smite Remus dead away? Well, sure, admits the Italian Olympics committee, but what of it? "We could have used the Colosseum as a symbol," said one official, "but that would recall slayings of the ancient Christian

*continued*

## They Said It

**RUSSIAN FOOTBALLER**, following party-line disapprobation of teammate Edik Streltsov, now in a Moscow jail for "hooliganism": "Edik thinks the ocean is salty because herring swim in it."

**GANNY MURTAUGH**, Pirate manager, at a luncheon honoring St. Louis' Stan Musial: "He's like a speedometer on a used car. You know it's turned back but you don't know how much."

**SELWYN LLOYD**, British foreign secretary, after he received a new wedge on becoming the 1,000th member of the Golf Society of Great Britain: "I am not a good golfer, but I am wondering whether this club is not appropriate for a game of Sumatry. I spend quite a lot of time in the rough. I often have an East wind in my face and a gusty West behind me."

**LONDON DAILY MAIL**, in a headline reporting completion of arrangements for the August fight between Heavyweights Floyd Patterson and Roy Harris: **WORLD TITLE FIGHT FIXED.**

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

martyrs and bloody gladiator duels. The purpose of our symbol was to convey to mind the site of the 1960 Olympics and render the idea of competition."

It must be admitted that R&R do just that—site, competitive spirit and all.

### Big Man from Little Baraboo

**H**IS LEFT EYE is 20/200. His right eye is 20/70. His left eye sees below the normal line of vision. His right eye sees above the normal line of vision. He leaned off the mound one night last week and peered at the plate through owl-like, tinted spectacles as though trying to find his way in the dark. He has five pairs of eyeglasses, three pairs tinted variously for the ball field, two pairs for the street. He went into his laborious motion and fired at the plate. "Anybody who throws hard looks like he's working hard at it," he explains. The warmup pitch was wild and to the left. "When the ball leaves my hand, I don't see it again until it's right up there by the plate," he says. "I never can see the fast ball move." Because of this, he cannot tell when he is ready to go into a game. Darrell Johnson, his bullpen catcher, decides for him. He fired his second warmup pitch. It got away from the catcher. He once hit a player kneeling in the on-deck circle with a warmup pitch. They say he throws wild when he warms up to intimidate the batters. "That isn't true. That isn't true at all," he says. "I get eight warmup pitches and I throw as hard as I can just to get loose. I don't particularly care where the ball goes. There's no use throwing strikes; they don't count then." As Yogi Berra scrambled for the ball a fan hollered proprietorially to Casey Stengel from an upper-deck box in Comiskey Park: "Hey, take this guy back before he kills somebody."

This guy is Rinold George Duren Jr., the New York Yankees' big (6 feet, 195 pounds) 29-year-old rookie relief pitcher. He calls himself Ryne because his father calls himself Rine. One New York sportswriter calls him The Torch because he throws as hard

as anyone in the majors, if not harder. In 2½ innings of relief that night, for instance, he pitched hitless ball, struck out six dejected White Sox, walked only one man and saved a 6-2 victory. Duren claims he does not try to strike out everybody. "I know there's a certain type hitter that you can rule out the strikeout possibility," he says. "I'll try to keep the ball away from him, let him hit the fly ball to center field instead of getting too close to him and letting him hit it out of the park." Said Casey Stengel: "No-o, he didn't pitch much to-night. It was pretty cold and damp out there and he was all stiff and tightened up. Some day it'll be nice and sunny and he can cut loose."

Despite Stengel's observations on the weather, Duren has been doing remarkably well. In 34½ innings, all in relief, he has struck out 51 of the 104 men he has retired, walked but 17 and given up only six earned runs for a 1.54 average. His record is an unimpressive 3-2, but he has saved 11 games, and Stengel has chosen him for his American League All-Star team.

Life has not always been so glorious for Ryne Duren, who grew up in Cazenovia, Wis. on the banks of the Little Baraboo River. He began to wear glasses when he was 6. At the same age, a playmate jabbed a popgun into his left eye with enough force to cut it open. When he was 16, he spent eight months in bed with rheumatic fever, learning to play cribbage and listening to Cubs games on the

radio. When he recovered, he went back to baseball, but "even though I could throw hard, I never pitched in high school. We had a kid there who could throw hard and he could get it over and I couldn't. He now runs a feed mill in town."

After high school Duren did become a pitcher, and though he could throw hard, he still could not get it over, and for eight years he played in Wausau, Pine Bluff, Dayton, Anderson, San Antonio, Seattle, Vancouver and Denver and had brief tryouts with Baltimore and Kansas City. In the winter he played in Puerto Rico and South America. "I was a touring right-hander," he says. The Odyssey was over when Denver Manager Ralph Houk—now a Yankee coach—recommended that Duren be brought up as a relief pitcher. "He was a very determined man," Houk says. "When he came out to Denver he had the idea that he was a big league pitcher. He had only one idea: to get up here—and he did."

Although clearly a proper subject for legend, Duren has little truck for fancy. After the White Sox game, a reporter asked him if he was not wary to his mother in the grandstand at the start of the ninth inning. "No," Duren grunted. "I was pointing to my glasses on the bench, so the bat boy wouldn't forget them when the game was over."

### Women Asking Questions

**S**AN FRANCISCO WOMEN, who never went to a baseball game in the days of the old Seals, have been turning out this spring to watch the new Giants. They are not like eastern women, who have had years to take baseball or leave it alone. They are new to the game and—the sooner Organized Baseball realizes this the better—have hufals of reactions. As a matter of fact, there are some changes they would like to see made.

A sharp-eared correspondent of this magazine tells us he was walking toward the ball park entrance the other day when he heard a querulous note from a lady behind him. "Why do we have to walk all the way to



### Backward Steppes

How odd that Russian tennis  
Has not developed yet;  
They're good at making rackets  
And masters of the net.

—IRWIN L. STEIN



"I have a confession to make. I rented it from Acme U-Drare."

the corner?" she asked. "Well," said her man, "that's the place to get in."

"That's ridiculous," the lady said. "Why don't they have gates all along?" "They'll have a lot of gates

"Why does everybody chew gum on the field" the same lady asked a moment later. "Is it some kind of a rule?"

Crouched low over his box score, her man merely grunted. Just about then Willie Mays connected and screamed a long low one into center field just over second. "Well," remarked the lady when the shouting died down, "no wonder that ball got away. I've been watching, and the second baseman never plays anywhere near second. If he'd been on the base, he'd have caught that one."

Our reporter missed whatever answer might have been forthcoming. He was eavesdropping instead on some comments from the rear where a girlish voice remarked with some surprise, "Oh, I see now why they say the pitcher is on the mound. There really is a mound, isn't there? But it doesn't seem fair."

Another girl two rows down and to the right was much more interested in the catcher who had just missed a foul fly because the sun was in his eyes. "Well," she was remarking, "if he wants to keep the sun out, why doesn't he wear his hat properly?"

The resultant interference with the catcher's mask was explained to her in considerable patient detail, but it failed to satisfy. "All right," she conceded, "so he has to wear his hat backward, but then why doesn't he figure out a way to wear sunglasses underneath? I certainly would. Wouldn't you?"

An explosive roar from the stands, signaling a brisk play, put a stop to this particular line of argument, but not to the thoughts that were by now whirling like tiny hurricanes in our correspondent's head. "Why do they do this? Why do they do that?" he kept asking himself, missing play after play as he found no convincing answer. By the end of the seventh inning, he had had enough. Muttering excuses, he hunched out of his seat intending to think it all out further in the nearest bar.

"Excuse me," he murmured to a lady whose shapely leg hocked egress from the row of seats. She didn't hear him. "Why," she was asking her escort, "do all the players wear two pairs of socks?"

Well, why do they?

## Progress in Michigan

THE state of Michigan, which a month ago contented itself with casual preflight examinations of boxers, now has a sensible, 12-point medical program up for adoption by the boxing commission. A study group of Michigan medical men, out to prevent a repetition of the case of Johnny Summerlin, who was allowed to fight though he had lost feeling in his left side, urges annual examinations, codification of boxing injuries, instruction manuals for ringside doctors and a thorough, running medical history of boxers. One of the best ideas, if one of the hardest to enforce (boxers invariably "feel fine"), would require trainers and manager to complete a questionnaire before each fight. Falsification of a boxer's condition would carry "severe penalties."

Unless state officials are seized with inconceivable indifference, the new safety rules should be adopted soon, and a good thing, too.



at the corner," he replied. "You'll see." "They should have one right here," the lady persisted. "Then we could go right in." The man didn't say anything.

Soon afterward our correspondent settled himself behind another couple in the stands. "Why do the umpires wear those heavy, dark-blue suits?" asked the lady, making a quick mental note of several changes that ought to be made as soon as possible. "Umpires always wear dark-blue suits," her man replied.

"On hot days like this?" she cried in disbelief. "Why, I never heard of anything so foolish in my life. They ought to have nice, comfortable suits; maybe in light colors."



## THERE GOES BOLT—WE HOPE

**T**HE solitary, headless man shown here in a superlatively pertinent picture taken last week at the Pine Hollow course on Long Island, is the 1958 National Open Champion, Tommy (the Terrible-Tempered) Bolt. This into-the-woods tableau was caught shortly before the National Open Champion picked up his ball and quit the tournament. He had missed a birdie putt on the par 4 ninth, taken four peevish, careless swipes at the ball before sinking it for a 7. He said he was tired. Three days before, in a pro-amateur round, he had also abruptly picked up at the ninth green and stalked off the course, saying he was tired.

The PGA, with full knowledge of the fact that Tommy Bolt is 39, a veteran of the professional golf circuit and, indeed, a charter member of the PGA's Good Conduct Committee, fined him \$500, and promised to think

long and hard about maybe suspending him, even, between now and the PGA Championship Tournament at Havertown, Pa. in mid-July.

Now there are things that must be said about the well-known tensions of the game of golf; things every golfer knows, as to how it is a testy game even if you are not playing it to make a living. There is room enough in golf—there has to be—to rage against nature and misfortune like old King Lear on his heath.

But in Tommy Bolt's case we are tired, too. Tired of a decade of club-throwing, of short reformations ("See how sweet I've become," was the latest, when he won the U.S. Open a couple of weeks ago) and the subsequent reversions to the Terrible-Tempered Tommy.

After he won the Open a reporter quoted him: "Now that I'm the champion I can do as I please." The

words sounded like the old Tommy, whether they were the exact words or not. Cary Middlecoff, who can speak on such subjects, ventured a remark. "He'll find out right quick," he said. Ed Furgol, who knows about being tired (SI, June 30), could have told him, too. More is expected of a champion than of anybody else; a champion has to be able to stand success—and to respect it.

Tommy Bolt, the new champion, seems to have the same old troubles as the Tommy Bolt everybody in golf has been making excuses for over a long time. The 60-day or 90-day suspension that the PGA is thinking of may help. We suggest a longer rustication. We think the PGA should order him to go on through the rough and into those trees until the U.S. Open next year. Then let him emerge and defend his right to be called a pro and a champion.



*Dick Martin, crack amateur tennis player, on the court at the Caribe Hilton. Photograph by Tom Holliman.*

## “Suddenly, all my friends are drinking the dry rum I discovered under the brilliant Puerto Rican sky.”

“Little did I know what I was starting when I drank my first Rum Collins in Puerto Rico last winter,” says Richard Martin of New York. “I do know that I was drinking a dry rum. Bright. Clear. Brilliant.”

“I served my friends Puerto Rican rum when I got back. Now everybody is drinking it.

“We’ve found that rum is versatile. Rum and Tonic. Rum old-fashioneds. Daiquiris. Rum on the rocks. The list of delicious rum drinks is

long and distinguished. They all taste good.

“Next to a vacation in Puerto Rico, I suggest a fast game of tennis followed by a Rum Collins on a summer’s afternoon. Smashing!”

**Rum Collins Recipe:** 2 oz. white Puerto Rican rum—juice 1 lemon (1 oz.)—1 teaspoon sugar—shake with ice and strain into tall glass over ice. Add club soda, cherry, and orange slice. For free rum recipes, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. S-1, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. 19.

Rum Collins →



# Midwest Midsummer

*Photographed by Richard Meek*

**The sporting life flourishes along with the wheat and corn under hot summer's sun**

The summer is long and hot, but the burning sun that beats down on the plains (which know the tornado and the blizzard in other seasons) is just right for the corn and the wheat that are flourishing now. There was a time, not too long ago, when the corn and the wheat growers who fill the nation's breadbasket were men (and women) whose work was never done. Today, emancipated by machinery and the automobile and the airplane, they are as free as any big-city man to enjoy the sporting life. Thus, smack in the middle of a corn field the Thoroughbreds run, and through fields of wheat wind the fairways of a golf course. Of course, there is more to the great Middle West than prime farmlands. There are the lazy rivers and the lakes that shimmer in the day's heat and send cooling breezes over the land in the evenings. To capture the magic of America's heartland in this wondrous season, Staff Photographer Richard Meek took his color camera and roamed over the Middle West from Ohio to Nebraska. On these and the pages that follow, he presents his vivid, intimate midsummer portrait.

## NEBRASKA

*A wheat farmer leaves his combine to chat with a foursome on the fairway that adjoins his wheat field near town of Albia. At right, a race meeting at Madison Downs has a lush corn field as its next-door neighbor*









## OHIO

*An outboard regatta on a summer Sunday draws families from Columbus to the shady banks of the Scioto River, to picnic and watch the racing hydroplanes whiz by*

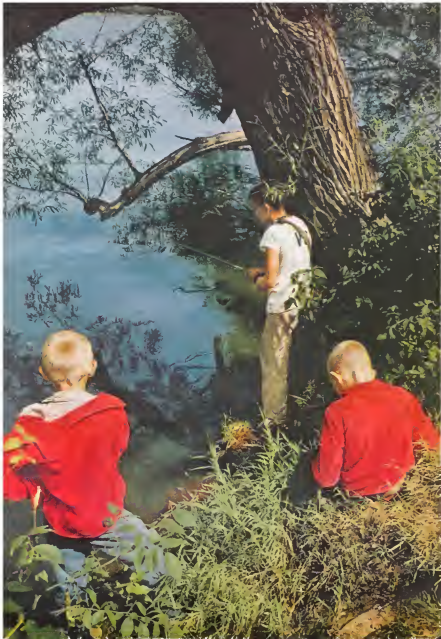




## MINNESOTA

*Minneapolis, too, relaxes right at home. At left, members of a riding club explore Long Lake in the early morning, while horsehoe pitchers (below) make the most of fading twilight in a city park. At right, small fry settle down to serious fishing on the shore of Lake Harriet*







## Favorite for the Fourth

**S**TEAMING hot dogs, crested with golden mustard and sandwiched by the light-as-air taste of a milk bun, come as close as anything to being America's favorite snack. Sold for years on the sidewalks of New York during the 19th century, they took hold of the national appetite in the midwestern summer of 1904, when families from every state flocked to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis.

Always there is an echo of carefree childhood when that first bite releases the pungent, spicy juices—a taste that brings back scouting cookouts, the hot canyons of the circus, a sultry Sunday riding an inner tube down the Apple River. Millions of men can look back to the first food they ever cooked and know that it was a hot dog. Millions of women, too.

The hot dog is nostalgic. It is legendary, so legendary that it has been said that it was invented in Frankfurt am Main in the 16th century, or that the first of its kind was made from dog meat at the command of Frederick the Great during the Seven Years' War, or that the Frankfurt Butchers Guild produced the original, in the shape of a dachshund, in 1852. In the *Odyssey*, the sausage line leads back to the ninth century B.C., when Homer wrote: "As when a man near a great glowing fire turns to and fro a sausage, full of fat and blood, anxious to have it quickly roasted; so to and fro Odysseus tossed, and pondered how to lay hands upon the shameless suitors."

The more modern fact, however, is that sway-back sausages, red with beef and pork and served on a bun to facilitate eating with the fingers, were first called hot dogs by the cartoonist Tad Dorgan. Tad was at the Polo Grounds the day in 1900 that vendors introduced "red-hot dachshund sausages" to baseball fans, and the next day he made cartoon characters of them, giving them tails and feet—and the label "hot dogs." Dorgan continued the gag for years and the humorous name stuck. In spite of recurrent dimay on the part of manufacturers and vendors who wanted no canine connotations tied to their products.

The actual ingredients of hot dogs vary from 60% beef and 40% pork to 80% beef and 20% fat, with a closely guarded spice formula added. (If you want the accolade of garlic, ask for kosher franks.) The meat is chopped and blended, then stuffed into casings by special machinery. The stuffed cases are hung on racks to smoke and then are cooked. Five inches long and ready to eat when packaged, frankfurters, wieners or hot dogs—call them what you will—average 120 calories apiece.

It has been said (by a maker of sausage casings) that 1,155,600,000 pounds of them will be consumed in the U.S. this year—60 per person. Nobody knows how many of these will be toasted by small-boy cooks, but more than 1.5 million will be sold at Coney Island and it is estimated that at one hot-dog stand alone—the Coney Island mecca known as Nathan's Famous—there will be 75,000 sizzling, bun-wrapped franks sold on the Fourth of July, doubling the number pushed across the same counter on an average summer day. Hot dogs have a way of enhancing holidays.

They also can enhance any family's menus when combined with other ingredients. Here are some ideas:

—EVAN JONES

### FRANKFURTERS FLAMÉ

*For four persons quarter a pound of frankfurters lengthwise, then cut into quarter-inch pieces. Slice enough mushrooms to make one cup, and chop two teaspoons of parsley. In a skillet over low heat melt six tablespoons of butter. Add the frankfurters and sauté for five minutes. Add mushrooms, one minced clove of garlic, one teaspoon each of black pepper and salt. Cover the skillet and simmer five minutes; add parsley. Now heat four tablespoons of cognac, set it aflame and pour over frankfurter-mushroom mixture. Serve immediately on toast.*

### HOT DOGS IN A BUNDLE

*Wash six large cabbage leaves, then cook in boiling salted water for five minutes; drain and set aside. Make a deep incision, four inches long, in each of six frankfurters; fill the slits with one-inch wide strips of sharp cheese. Wrap each frankfurter in a cabbage leaf and place the bundles in a lightly greased baking dish. Cover with the tomato sauce described below and bake at 250° for 30 minutes.*

### FRANKFURTER SAUCE

*Put ¼ cup of olive oil in a heavy skillet; chop one large onion and two small cloves of garlic and add to oil; cook 10 minutes but don't let the onions brown. Add ½ cup of beef stock or beef stock, half a 6-ounce can of tomato paste and 2½ cups of Italian tomatoes packed with basil, cutting the tomatoes into small pieces. Bring the mixture to a boil, then turn fire as low as possible and add salt, pepper and a teaspoon of sugar. Cook very slowly for at least two hours, the longer the better.*

## Too long and too straight

**Mickey Wright outclassed the field at Forest Lake to capture her first Women's Open title, which is unlikely to be her last; it was left to a guitar to console some gallant losers**

PXIE-FACED and blue-eyed, Mary Kathryn (Mickey) Wright is a tall blonde Californian who six years ago captured the USGA girls' junior championship; last week she added the Women's Open title to an assortment of honors that are bound to reach marvelous proportions before too many years have passed. Miss Wright, 23, features an almost unladylike ability to hit. Pared with the lolly Forest Lake Country Club course in Bloomfield Hills, Mich., 18 holes that favor the long hitter quite distinctly, she scored a remarkable 290, the lowest total posted since the USGA took over the sponsorship of this event in 1953.

"It was the best putting I've ever done in my life," she announced after the 72-hole tournament was over, "and I drove the ball real well, too. Longer than I've driven it in a long, long while." No one who watched her play will dispute those remarks. She used almost exactly 30 putts per round, and her drives were averaging in the neighborhood of 240 yards. Her playing partners were constantly struggling way back up the fairway trying to bang woods to the greens while Mickey would be hitting a crap iron or even a wedge. So well did she play, in fact, that she finished a full five strokes ahead of runner-up Louise Suggs, trying to win her third Open, and seven strokes ahead of 43-year-old Fay Crocker, who won the title back in 1955.

Mickey has been playing golf since she was 12. In 1954 she was low amateur in Tam O'Shanter's All-American and World, was low amateur in the Women's Open and went to the finals of the National Amateur before losing to Barbara Romack 4 and 2. After such a wonderful year the urge to play more intensively became irre-

sistible and she turned professional in the fall. Her career as a pro has certainly been a successful one, and prior to coming up to Michigan for the Open she had already won the ladies' PGA championship by six strokes over Miss Crocker.

During the first day's play scores were kept high by a frisky, fickle wind



MIKEY EARNED 15 HOURS OF SLEEP

that puffed about the course, nudging golf balls in all directions. Mickey, with her great power, was able to punch the ball into the wind, but even she encountered difficulty in picking the right club. On the eighth hole, a 170-yard par 3, she wound up on the 11th green, some 30 yards off to the right and past. Coming downwind on the 11th she picked the wrong club again and this time finished back on the eighth green. She wound up with a 74.

To add to the ladies' difficulties, Michigan had been doused in rain for several days before the start of the tournament, and the playing of practice rounds was cut down to a minimum. On Wednesday only Jackie Pung, the good-natured Hawaiian who had to yield last year's Open championship on a scoring technicality, was resolute enough to play a full 18 holes, which she did in two installments. Jackie has been on a diet that has dropped her down to 185 pounds from a high of 225, and she felt it necessary to determine whether or not the new, svelter Pung figure could keep its accustomed traction on the damp and mushy fairways. Apparently it did, because Jackie ran up a first-round score of 75 under the difficult conditions and sat sturdily in a three-way tie behind Miss Wright with Louise Suggs and Betty Jameson.

Mickey Wright's 74 must be considered pretty fair workmanship, because by the time the last twosome had battled its way home only 16 of the 54 ladies were able to break 80 and only four of the 108 nines were played in subpar figures. It had been a pretty trying day for the girls, but when it was over, Miss Crocker and Roommate Marilyn Smith went out to play the first six holes again and Kentuckian Betty Dodd slouched around the clubhouse grill room before a large, appreciative audience hammering out rock 'n' roll on her guitar.

For the second round the wind abated somewhat and there were 24 sub-80 rounds, though only two were below the par of 73. One of those was an incredible 5-under-par 68 by Miss Crocker. It was three strokes below the previous USGA Open record. When her card, which included seven birdies, had been signed and handed in, Fay, 20 times champion of Uruguay, 14 times champion of Argentina and once champion of the U.S., sat in the pro shop, drinking beer from a large wax paper cup, and said: "I just went out there and hit every ball as hard as I could. After I'd

played the first three holes in 4, 3, 2, I said to myself, 'Now the only thing left is a one,' but I got a 5 on the next hole, not a one."

Fay's was a truly remarkable and historic round, but added to her 79 of the first day it was not enough to wrest the lead away from the determined Miss Wright. The first-round leader turned in a very tidy 72. This gave her a 36-hole total of 146 and placed her one stroke ahead of the husky Miss Crocker. Louise Suggs had played a fine 74 and was three strokes back at 149.

Jackie Pung came in with a 77 for a two-round total of 152 and seemed out of it, while chunky Patty Berg, the strongest pretournament favorite, had been wandering about in the high 70s and finally found herself with a 10-stroke deficit that she had to carry with her into the final day's play.

On the morning of the last day Miss Wright, who was up early and off the tee at 8:18 a.m., sailed around the course, whacking out big drives and using only 28 putts. Not only was she long but she was pretty straight too. On the fifth hole she hit a three-iron to the green and missed her eagle putt from four feet. She picked up four more birdies after that and finished with a field-chilling 70 for a three-round total of 216. Fay Crocker came in with a 76 and a 54-hole score of 223. Louise Suggs was at 224. Mickey had a seven-stroke lead with 18 holes to play, and the fight was now for second place, which was eventually to go to 34-year-old Louise Suggs, who has been a professional for a decade now.

In third came Fay, and in fourth—with an even 300—was tiny Alice Bauer. And the low amateur medal went to 21-year-old Anne Quast, a Stanford University senior, who will likely receive a Curtis Cup invitation on the basis of her 307 showing.

So Mickey Wright won her first Open championship; it seems unlikely to be her last. As Forest Lake's fairways glowed orange under the setting sun, the new champion returned to her motel a few miles from the course for 15 hours of sleep and then a Sunday afternoon movie. In the ladies' locker room a Kentuckian who had finished 20th with a 317 could be heard singing the *St. Louis Blues* to the mournful accompaniment of her own guitar.



LEW MYERS, Ledge-mont Country Club, Seekonk, Mass.

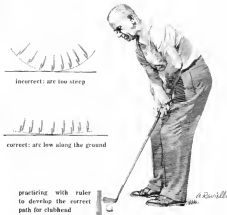
## Tip from the Top

### Developing an accurate putting stroke

THERE ARE many styles of putting in common use which are of unquestioned merit, each style suiting certain players admirably. For those golfers who are not good putters, however, I would like to recommend a stroke which has often been referred to as the pendulum stroke, since the clubhead moves in an arc resembling the swing of a pendulum and the weight of the clubhead produces the momentum of the stroke. In this method, the control resides in the last three fingers of the left hand. The left hand starts the club back and leads it through the stroke. The key to keeping the clubhead on a straight line as it comes through is the left elbow. It must go out straight toward the hole or, on a rolling green, straight toward the desired line of play. When it does, it prevents the right hand from taking over and pushing the ball, or the left hand from breaking in and pulling the ball off the line.

Whenever a beginner comes to me, I start him on the putting green with this stroke. Here he gets the feel of the clubhead and learns to take the club back and forward low along the ground. To help him keep the clubface square to the line of play, I place a club or a rod parallel to the line of play. Before I let him putt a ball, I have him practice bringing the putter back and forth along the emphasized desired line.

Of course, with this or any other putting stroke, the head must remain absolutely still through impact. If it moves, it will destroy your stroke and your accuracy.





BUICK RUNNER-UP TEC ROLL TIPS CAP AFTER THIRD-ROUND 60



ARNOLD PALMER TAPS A LONG PUTT ON THE EIGHTH GREEN.

#### GOLF *continued*

**After the U.S. Open, the tourists started the long, hot summer circuit on two new courses with two new tournaments: the \$52,000 Buick Open and the \$50,000 Pepsi Open**

THIS summer tour is notable this year as the richest and most attractive in history; its first two tournaments, both of them new, ambitious events which could easily become pleasant and rewarding fixtures—the \$52,000 Buick Open at the Warwick Hills Golf and Country Club, Grand Blanc, Mich. and the \$50,000 Pepsi Open at the Pine Hol-

ON TO LONG ISLAND, CASPER LINES UP PUTT IN THE PEPSI OPEN



SPECTATORS AT PINE HOLLOW COURSE, BROWSE FROM







PALMER TIED FOR SECOND AT FLINT WITH A SUB-PAR 366



BILL CASPER JR., BUICK WINNER, GRASPS TROPHY AND CHECK

low Country Club, East Norwich, N.Y.—are among the most heavily staked on the circuit.

The Warwick Hills course, two years ago chiefly inhabited by gophers, pheasants and rabbits, is the longest (7,280 yards) if not the most formidable of the tour. Although the fairways are still lightly grassed and the roughs not very, the tourists

found it a challenging if somewhat monotonous (the greens are rather unimaginatively laid out) test of golf. Par for the Buick was 72, and Billy Casper Jr., the paunchy pro from Apple Valley, Calif., won first prize of \$9,000 with a creditable 285.

Pine Hollow, on the other hand, was once the estate of Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan, former Duchess of

Marlborough. The course is only three years old but is both pretty and various. The pros found the sodded, uneven greens frustrating, but the course promises, like Warwick Hills, to become in time a first-rate championship layout. Par (71) was no problem there last week; Arnold Palmer, the Masters champion, took first prize (again \$9,000) with 273.

VIGIL, INDULGE IN CATNAP DURING LULL



PALMER ACCEPTS CUP AS PEPPY STEELE AND WIFE (JOAN CRAWFORD) LOOK ON





CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## A double escape route

WHEN psychic bids were all the rage, it was not uncommon for a Fancy Dan to find himself in a slam contract with but a single trump in his hand. Bidding the Vanderbilt Club, many a declarer finds himself in a slam contract without the sign of a trump in his hand. The opening club bid may have elicited the negative (artificial) diamond response, and responder becomes declarer when that happens to be the real suit.

Often in using Blackwood we meet a similar situation. Opener may have made a reasonable call of one diamond, only to hear a blackjack call of "four no trump." Discovering him-

self to be the proud possessor of two aces, he obediently calls five hearts. If partner fixes the final contract in that suit he may become declarer without a trump in his hand.

But when a declarer deliberately chooses to play a grand slam in a suit in which he holds but a singleton, that is a rarity which makes a just demand upon our attention. This phenomenon was witnessed in a previous running of the master pair championship of the American Contract Bridge League, the 20th annual edition of which will be on display at the Americana Hotel in Miami Beach during the first week of August.

Under the terms of the convention employed by North and South, the opening call of three no trump was a gambling bid based on a long, solid minor suit. This convention finds much favor in the eyes of British tournament players, who employ it to great effect. It has no distinct requirements as to stoppers or point count but amounts to a shot in the dark, relying for success upon faith, hope and the luck of the opening lead.

Hearing North's three-no-trump bid, South decided that the six tricks he could contribute to the credit of the partnership warranted a burst into a slam contract in the denomination partner had chosen. East thought he had his fish in a barrel, so he doubled.

This double set into motion a series of reactions resulting from South's reappraisal of the situation. East, he reasoned, must feel that he had declared in his hip pocket; ergo, he must be ready to produce a couple of tricks in a suit that could only be hearts, for evidence pointed to North's possession of a long and solid club suit as the basis for his gambling bid of three no trump.

If South's reasoning was correct, he had much to gain and nothing to lose by engineering a coup that would transfer the opening lead from East to West. West couldn't know why his partner was doubling, and might lead the wrong suit.

On this theory, declarer escaped to seven clubs—which is where I came in. Justifying South's faith, West chose to lead a spade, and declarer ran off with 13 tricks!

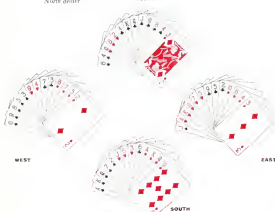
### EXTRA TRICK

I am reminded of the restraint of a lady whose tournament opponents reached a grand slam against her ace of trumps. A kibitzer inquired, "Why didn't you double?" and the lady explained, "That's Mr. Culbertson who bid the grand slam. He redoubles at the drop of a hat."

The lady had the right idea, if for the wrong reason. The best advice about doubling a slam which good opponents have reached voluntarily is "don't." There are two exceptions. One is when your double would tell partner to make an unusual lead which would give you a chance to set the contract. The other—it occurs more rarely—is when you are certain that your double will be profitable no matter how it affects the opponent's bidding or play.

Neither side vulnerable  
North dealer

NORTH



WEST

EAST

SOUTH

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
3 NO TRUMP	PASS	6 NO TRUMP	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	7 ♠	PASS
PASS	DOUBLE	PASS	PASS
PASS			



## How to win respect from an onion

The onion, as you may have observed, is small, but valiant. Speak to someone who has had one, and you will discover that it is likely to dominate the conversation. Yet, notwithstanding, it can, under the proper circumstances, add immeasurably to the cocktail hour.

The proper circumstances are Seagram's gin, with perhaps a whisper of vermouth to keep the franchise. It is important to use Seagram's

because this prince of gins has an authority of its own, a subtle yet persuasive flavor that gets its start in life with superb ingredients. Then, after it is made, Nature patiently mellows and "dries" Seagram's gin (as you can readily see by the authentic golden color).

What all this loving care does for the onion, (or olive, or lemon), is sheer poesy. In the usual gin, the onion is

but a pickled interloper. In Seagram's gin, it blissfully lends just the right note of enchantment.

The next time you make a martini, use Seagram's... and invite an onion to browse within. We promise you a festive occasion.

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GOLDEN GIN**

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**BOXING** / Martin Kane

## Artist on

**Painter Crawford is a virtuoso  
in the ring, too, and may  
well outbox Indian Ortega**

THE ARTISTRY of Mickey Crawford with brush and pen (he is a commercial artist) derives, most likely, from something in his genes. As a boxer his artistry is hereditary, too, but it owes a great deal to the advice of his father, Patsy Crawford, an oldtime featherweight. When Mickey started to box his father told him: "Don't get hit and keep your legs in shape."

Today Mickey is ranked fourth among the welterweight contenders and is the most exasperating target a slugger could oppose. He is quicksilver in the ring, so elusive that he once enraged Lightweight Champion Joe Brown in a two-round sparring session. The champion could scarcely lay a glove on Crawford and asked for another two rounds in the hope, according to Crawford admirers, that he could catch up with Mickey and kayo him. He found it impossible.

Gaspar Ortega probably will find it impossible, too, in their July 11 (Friday) TV bout at Madison Square Garden. Neither does Ortega stand in danger, for Crawford is pretty much a punchless fighter, with only three knockout victories on his 24-fight record. He has lost twice, most recently to Ralph Dupas last November.

Ortega's recent record, and ranking, is considerably below that of Crawford, but the Indian boy from Mexico has been opposing much tougher fighters than Crawford has met. It is, in fact, a quite even match, but since Crawford is a rising star and Ortega's sun seems to be setting the pick here is for Crawford.

That same week on July 9 (Wednesday) the recently mustered-out Harold Carter takes on Nino Valdes in a televised heavyweight match at Spokane. This is a rugged test for Carter, who recently defeated Willi Beamanoff after a 17-month layoff in

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## the canvas

the Army. Against Besmanoff he looked by no means sharp and was twice rocked by punches of a kind that Valdes would have made knock-outs. He won because he is a far better fighter than Besmanoff, but he looked as if he could stand a few more fights to sharpen him up before taking on Valdes. Carter hopes someday to meet Floyd Patterson for the title. A knockout by Valdes would set him far back along that rigorous road. He has, in fact, been knocked out once in his career—by Wayne Bethou in 1954.

Valdes, too, would dearly like to get into the same ring with the champion, and the fact that he has not yet been able to do so ranks his manager, Bobby Gleason, who recently expressed his opinion of the heavy-weight division with the humble boast: "My bum is the best bum around."

A Cuban promoter has offered Patterson \$300,000 to meet Valdes in Havana, but the offer is not likely to be accepted by Cus D'Amato while Castro rebels are going about kidnapping Americans. D'Amato feels he might have to pay out the \$300,000 in ransom.

On a night when his punch is working and his wits are about him, Valdes is a common danger to any opponent, but he goes into strange slumps. Carter's briefer record (he started professional boxing in 1953, Valdes in 1941) is more impressive than the Cuban heavyweight's. He has, for instance, beaten Bob Baker and Bob Satterfield, both of whom beat Valdes in his most disastrous year, 1955, when he lost also to Archie Moore. That loss, Gleason insists, resulted from the effects of the Las Vegas sun on the good judgment of Referee Jimmy Braddock.

Both men have the highest motivation, a possible title shot, in this bout, but one would guess that Carter responds better to such motivations than Valdes. The choice then is for Carter and youth to be served. **END**



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM KELLEY SURFBOARD BY VELEY AND JACOBS

## Hap Jacobs tests the new Jantzen "Surfboarder" trunks in the surf off Malibu

Men who spend a lot of time in the water get very choosy about what they wear.

They want comfortable trunks that stay comfortable all day, because they wear them all day. The "Surfboarder" trunks, shown here, rated "excellent" in the Jantzen International Sports Club tests conducted by Mr. Jacobs, one of the finest surfboarders in the world. The strong but soft elasticized fabric stayed flexible and snug in the water and out.

The trunks themselves are a good-looking solid red, navy, white or black, with a three-color trim. There's a built-in supporter and a pocket for car keys. Sizes 28 to 38, \$5.95, at better men's stores.

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## PLAYER ROSTER

**1B STAN MUSIAL** (Cardinals No. 6). 37, 17th year, 15th All-Star (.320 in 50 AB). Season .359. Bats L.

**2B BILL MAZEROSKI** (Pirates No. 9). 31, 3rd year, 1st All-Star. Season .280. Bats R.

**SS ERNIE BANKS** (Cubs No. 14). 27, 6th year, 4th All-Star (.280 in 5 AB). Season .308. Bats R.

**3B FRANK THOMAS** (Pirates No. 15). 29, 8th year, 3rd All-Star (.609 in 2 AB). Season .299. Bats R.

**1B GEORGE CROWE** (Redlegs No. 15). 35, 6th year, 1st All-Star. Season .335. Bats L.

**2B DON BLASINGAME** (Cardinals No. 3). 26, 3rd year, 1st All-Star. Season .275. Bats L.

**SS JOHNNY LOGAN** (Braves No. 23). 31, 8th year, 3rd All-Star (.333 in 3 AB). Season .295. Bats R.

**3B ED MATHEWS** (Braves No. 41). 26, 7th year, 5th All-Star (.609 in 8 AB). Season .257. Bats L.

**LF BOB SKINNER** (Pirates No. 4). 26, 4th year, 1st All-Star. Season .331. Bats L.

**CF WILLIE MAYS** (Giants No. 24). 27, 7th year, 5th All-Star (.500 in 12 AB). Season .369. Bats R.

**RF HENRY AARON** (Braves No. 44). 24, 5th year, 4th All-Star (.429 in 7 AB). Season .282. Bats R.

**LF WALT MORIN** (Cubs No. 7). 32, 5th year, 1st All-Star. Season .260. Bats L.

**CF RICHIE ASHBURN** (Phillies No. 1). 31, 11th year, 4th All-Star (.556 in 9 AB). Season .336. Bats L.

**RF LEE WALLS** (Cubs No. 2). 25, 4th year, 1st All-Star. Season .307. Bats R.

**DEL CRANDALL** (Braves No. 1). 28, 8th year, 3rd All-Star (.000 in 1 AB). Season .284. Bats R.

**BOB SCHMIDT** (Giants No. 27). 25, 1st year, 1st All-Star. Season .267. Bats R.

**JOHN ROSEBORN** (Dodgers No. 8). 25, 2nd year, 1st All-Star. Season .261. Bats L.

**JOHNNY ANTONELLI** (Giants No. 43). 28, 9th year, 4th All-Star (4.50 ERA in 6 IP). Season 8-5. Throws L.

**DICK FARRELL** (Phillies No. 43). 24, 2nd year, 1st All-Star. Season 5-2. Throws R.

**BOB FRIEND** (Pirates No. 19). 27, 8th year, 2nd All-Star (0.00 ERA in 3 IP). Season 9-8. Throws R.

**LARRY JACKSON** (Cardinals No. 39). 27, 4th year, 2nd All-Star (0.00 ERA in 2 IP). Season 5-4. Throws R.

**DOH McMAHON** (Braves No. 20). 28, 2nd year, 1st All-Star. Season 6-1. Throws R.


**JOHNNY POORE** (Dodgers No. 22). 25, 5th year, 1st All-Star. Season 7-7. Throws L.

**BOB PURKEY** (Redlegs No. 37). 28, 4th year, 1st All-Star. Season 8-4. Throws R.

**WARREN SPAHN** (Braves No. 21). 37, 14th year, 10th All-Star (4.50 ERA in 8 IP). Season 9-4. Throws L.

Defensively this is far from an outstanding team, but the fielding is perhaps sound enough and in an All-Star Game, where both lineups are loaded with big hitters, defensive play is just not that important. And with one of the hardest-hitting infields ever assembled and great power potential from Aaron and Mays in the outfield, the Nationals definitely lack nothing at the plate. They are also assured of fine catching from Crandall. This is

## ANALYSIS OF TEAM STRENGTH

With a combined batting average of .310 and power coming from every pore, the starting infield must rank as one of the most destructive ever assembled. Musial, Thomas and Banks are three of the big home-run hitters in the game and even Mazerowski has hit eight this year. As a unit, they have hit four times as many home runs as their American League counterparts and driven in almost twice as many runs. Not an outstanding defensive quartet, despite Mazerowski's silky brilliance, they are certainly steady and more than adequate. The second unit has two other big sluggers in Mathews and Crowe, a dependable if unspectacular player in Logan, and the little fireball, Blasingame, who can win ball games in an amazing number of ways. The National League infield has an impressive edge. 

Skinner is an extremely capable hitter—although a bit inadequate afield—who promises to provide some much-needed left-handed punch at the plate. And everyone knows about Aaron and Mays. But the former is just now hitting his accustomed stride after a prolonged slump and Willie, despite his still lofty average, is a long way from being the devastating slugger he was earlier in the year. Right now this outfield would have to be ranked well below some of the better ones of the past. Ashburn is always a fine ballplayer—but, with Mays around, where is he going to play? Which leaves Morin and Walls, two good hitters having fine years but not the kind of players to be considered great.

Crandall, having his best year at the plate, has always been a masterful receiver with a very good arm. Schmidt and Roseboro are slumping hitters who lack Crandall's skill as a catcher, and Haney may choose to let him work the entire game. If so, the Nationals are sure to benefit from a competent job.

A few weeks ago the records of the National League pitchers would have been dazzling, but Spahn and Friend have recently been shaky. Purkey has become less effective and Poore seems unable to win on the road. Antonelli has been erratic all year. In fact the best pitching available to Haney would appear to center around the three relievers, the tough and determined pair of McMahon and Jackson and the fireballing Farrell. There is also a good argument for sticking with the right-handers, since the starting American League lineup includes only two left-handed hitters—Fox and the switch-hitting Mantle—and it is from the left side that the latter has been having trouble all year. Should Haney gamble on the relief pitchers, his staff could give the American League power hitters a lot of trouble.

not a team with good speed, however, and the bench would hardly be called impressive. Which seems to place a tremendous load on a shaky group of pitchers. The key to the game may be Haney's decision whether to go along with the equally dependable but currently erratic starting pitchers (three of whom are left-handers) or take a chance on getting sharp two- and three-inning performances from his crew of brilliant right-handed relievers.

INFELDERS

OUTFIELDERS

CATCHERS

PITCHERS

SUM-UP

# AMERICAN LEAGUE

## PLAYER ROSTER

**1B BILL SKOWRON** (Yankees No. 14). 27, 5th year, 2nd All-Star (.667 in 3 AB). Season .250. Bats R.  
**2B WALTON FOX** (White Sox No. 2). 30, 12th year, 3th All-Star (.294 in 17 AB). Season .332. Bats L.  
**3B LUIGI APARICIO** (White Sox No. 11). 24, 3rd year, 1st All-Star Season .274. Bats R.  
**SS FRANK MALZONE** (Red Sox No. 11). 28, 3rd year, 2nd All-Star (.060 in 2 AB). Season .362. Bats R.  
**1B MICKY VERNON** (Indians No. 8). 40, 18th year, 7th All-Star (.677 in 13 AB). Season .327. Bats L.  
**2B GIL MCGOUGALD** (Yankees No. 12). 30, 8th year, 4th All-Star (.060 in 3 AB). Season .311. Bats R.  
**SS TONY KUBEK** (Yankees No. 10). 21, 2nd year, 1st All-Star Season .283. Bats L.  
**SS ROCKY BRIDGES** (Senators No. 31). 39, 6th year, 1st All-Star Season .305. Bats R.

**LF BOB CEEV** (Athletics No. 33). 32, 3th year, 1st All-Star Season .321. Bats R.  
**CF MICKY MANTLE** (Yankees No. 7). 26, 6th year, 7th All-Star (.286 in 21 AB). Season .268. Bats L-R.  
**RF JACKIE JENSEN** (Red Sox No. 4). 31, 9th year, 3rd All-Star (.600 in 1 AB). Season .390. Bats R.  
**LF TED WILLIAMS** (Red Sox No. 9). 39, 17th year, 14th All-Star (.333 in 39 AB). Season .300. Bats L.  
**CF HARVEY KUENN** (Tigers No. 7). 27, 7th year, 6th All-Star (.182 in 11 AB). Season .321. Bats R.  
**RF AL KALINE** (Tigers No. 6). 28, 4th year, 4th All-Star (.333 in 12 AB). Season .305. Bats R.  
**RF ELSTON HOWARD** (Yankees No. 32). 28, 4th year, 2nd All-Star (.509 in 9 AB). Season .320. Bats R.

**CUB TRIANDOS** (Orioles No. 11). 27, 6th year, 2nd All-Star (.060 in 0 AB). Season .260. Bats R.  
**SHERM LOLLAR** (White Sox No. 10). 33, 13th year, 4th All-Star (.500 in 2 AB). Season .294. Bats R.  
**YOGI BERRA** (Yankees No. 8). 31, 13th year, 11th All-Star (.233 in 39 AB). Season .227. Bats L.

**RYNE DUREN** (Yankees No. 26). 29, 2nd year, 1st All-Star Season 2. Throws R.  
**WHITNEY FORD** (Yankees No. 16). 29, 7th year, 4th All-Star (.794 ERA in 54 1/3 IP). Season 9-3. Throws L.  
**RAY NARLESKI** (Indians No. 29). 29, 5th year, 1st All-Star Season 9-5. Throws R.  
**BILLY O'DELL** (Orioles No. 41). 25, 4th year, 1st All-Star Season 8-8. Throws L.  
**BILLY PIERCE** (White Sox No. 19). 31, 12th year, 5th All-Star (3.28 ERA in 105 1/3 IP). Season 7-5. Throws L.  
**BOB TURLEY** (Yankees No. 19). 27, 6th year, 3rd All-Star (6.09 ERA in 9 IP). Season 11-3. Throws R.  
**EARLY WYNN** (White Sox No. 24). 38, 19th year, 5th All-Star (4.15 ERA in 4 1/3 IP). Season 7-6. Throws R.

An extremely well-balanced team, the 1938 American League lineup has good speed, defensive sharpness—particularly around the infield—impressive hitting and a very good bench. They are slightly inferior to the National League, in the starting lineup at least, so far as home-run potential is concerned but not at all to a marked degree. There are adequate replacements for starters at almost every position—in a few spots, as a matter of fact,

## ANALYSIS OF TEAM STRENGTH

The American League infield, in sacrificing hitting strength for defensive excellence, may have sacrificed too much. While Skowron and Malone are long-ball hitters, they do not carry the slugging credentials of their opponents, and certainly they lack the muscle to carry the weak-hitting little defensive star, Aparicio. Fox is a sharp, skillful batsman with a vast will to win, but he does not drive in very many runs. At the end of three innings, Stengel will undoubtedly substitute McGougald at short, which will improve the attack considerably while taking virtually nothing away from the skill infield. Vernon and Kubek furnish important left-handed pinch-hitting strength, and it is also to see Rocky Bridges make his first All-Star team. But the National League infield, with its obviously superior power, is still the best.

In some ways the most impressive thing about the starters is not their .300 average or heavy run production but the fact that they best out Williams, Kaline and Kuenn for their jobs. Jensen and Ceev are the top men in the league in home runs and RBIs, while Mantle, despite a bad shoulder, has still managed to hit quite a few baseballs out of sight. Right-handed he has been deadly, which could be important should Spahn, Podres or Antonelli appear on the scene. In depth, the American League displays a marked superiority, with Williams always a tremendous All-Star performer and Kaline not far behind. Kuenn and Howard are valuable whether to pinch-hit or to play. It is the potential of the entire crew to break up the ball game with a barrage of home runs at any time that gives it a solid edge. ✓

Triandos, not quite in Crandall's class as a catcher, remains a more dangerous hitter. And behind him are two superb receivers, Lollar and Berra. Together, the three have far more homers and RBIs than the National Leaguers, and this power in depth gives them the edge. ✓

An All-Star pitching staff that can do without Detroit's Frank Lucy and Jim Bunning must be loaded. This one is. The three Yankees—Turley, Ford and the rifle-armed relief pitcher, Duren—are having tremendous years, while Pierce, in recent starts, has been nothing less than sensational. O'Dell, Narleski and Wynn are three steady, dependable throwers. As is the case with their opponents, the American Leaguers will be facing a lineup loaded with right-handed hitters, but this should trouble them far less; lefties like Pierce and Ford don't seem to be having much trouble with anybody. As a group, Stengel's even pitchers make up a formidable array and they seem to rate a solid edge. ✓

the subs would even appear to be superior. And perhaps most important of all, Stengel almost certainly figures to have the better pitching staff. This is still the key to any baseball game and, with Turley, Ford, Duren, Pierce & Co. coming up to the All-Star contest at their peak, the American League may not need very many runs to win. On balance and depth and especially on pitching, they rate the nod. ✓

INFIELDERS

OUTFIELDERS

CATCHERS

PITCHERS

SUM-UP



CRUISING DOWN KENTUCKY LAKE, THE AUTHOR TAKES TIME OUT FROM HELM OF CHRIS-CRAFT TO READ MYSTERY NOVEL . . .



PULLS IN RARE CATCH, A DUCK WHICH INTERCEPTED CAST AT ELK RIVER . . .

TRIES WATER SKIING ON WILSON . . .





# DISCOVERY: THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

**For summer travelers in search of unexpected vacation adventure, Sports Illustrated explores the South's most impressive valley**

A QUARTER of a century ago the Tennessee River, which flows across the heart of America's South, was wayward and rampageous, suited neither to navigation nor recreation. In spring, great floods poured ruin over its banks. In autumn, rocky shoals jugged from its limestone bed. White water rushed over treacherous rapids and lidded in mosquito-infested pools.

Today this is all changed. A tame and temperate river, the broad Tennessee flows peacefully to the Ohio and the Mississippi. When the Tennessee Valley Authority, which thus transformed the river, was created 25 years ago, the initials TVA were heralded (and defended) as a brand mark of human progress. But no one in the embattled days of its origin was rash enough to guess its true potential. Originally, TVA's objective was threefold: power, navigation and flood control. Today it generates electrical power for 1½ million customers; more than 12 million

tons of freight move through its channels each year; and floods no longer threaten its valley.

But this is only part of the story. The most spectacular outgrowth of TVA is something even its originators did not predict—indeed, did not dare predict for fear of being thought frivolous. For the taming of the Tennessee created a man-made recreational paradise unrivaled anywhere in the world. This vast playground, lying within 500 miles of half the population of the nation, stretches across 26 million acres. Its lakes, with over 10,000 miles of shore line, yield 23 major species of fish.

Everything is geared to the vacationer, and particularly the vacationing family. For auto tourists, the eastern and central lakes are so located that all can be visited at leisure on a two- or three-week vacation. For boating enthusiasts, the cruise from Knoxville, Tenn. to Paducah, Ky. is an unforgettable adventure. A tour of the Tennessee Valley is in some ways as surprising and awe-inspiring as an African safari (SI, March 10). It is with a sense of real discovery that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED explores this totally new American phenomenon.

TURN PAGE FOR TVA AUTO TOUR



SHOWS OFF 2½-POUND BASS TAKEN ON SURFACE LURE FROM CENTER HILL LAKE

AND SUNBATHES AT GUNTERVILLE





## TOURING THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

**K**NOXVILLE, less than a day's drive from the major TVA lakes in the eastern and central valley, is the best place to begin an auto tour. **NORRIS, CHEROKEE, FORT PATRICK HENRY, BRIDGE, SOUTH HOLSTON, WATAUGA, DOUGLAS, FONTANA, and HIWASSEE** lakes can all be visited at leisure in from two to three weeks. This involves about 630 miles of straight driving. Add another 500-plus miles for sightseeing.

### NORRIS LAKE

Norris Lake, with its more than 800 miles of wild, tree-covered shore line, is only 26 miles north of Knoxville. Near Norris Dam, the first of 20 great dams built by TVA, broad, grassy meadow slope upward and young deer sneak out from the woods on summer evenings to graze along the lake shore. An ancient gristmill stands in the shadow of the 265 feet of concrete which at Norris Dam, its weathered water wheel still grinding corn into meal.

Overlooking the dam is **NORRIS DAM STATE PARK**, a rambling woodland laced with bridle paths and hiking trails. Completely equipped cottages, rented by the day (\$7 up) or week (\$45 up), as well as a lodge, restaurant and several camping areas, are part of the park operation. Right at the dam, the new **NORRIS LAKE MOTEL** looks out across the lake and, at night, upon a string of lights bobbing from houseboats moored off **NORRIS DOCK K**. The dock itself, one of 14 on Norris, has a snack bar and an excellent clothing and sports shop. A broad meander launching ramp (fee: \$1 per boat) can handle practically any boat up to the size of a battleship, but the trend on Norris is small outboard runabouts.

"On a lake like this, a small, fast boat gets you anywhere you want to go," says Tony Dykes, who operates Norris Dock. "You can also use it for water skiing, and that's a sport that's really becoming popular here." Many of the docks have skis for rent (average: \$10), as well as snack bars, boat and motor rentals (\$3.50 and up) and overnight cabins.

Every dock sells some kind of fishing equipment, ranging from a selection of lures to complete outfits. Fishing is a major part of the activity on all TVA lakes. The dock on Norris most heavily patronized by anglers is **ROGERS DOCK** at LaFollette, 32 miles from the dam. Any visiting fisherman who spends an hour at the snack bar stands a good chance of finding out from the dock hands where they're hitting best, and someone may even take him out and show him. This is one of the most rewarding aspects of the Tennessee Valley. The people always seem glad to greet and help a stranger.

Don't miss a side trip to the **AMERICAN MUSEUM OF ATOMIC ENERGY** at Oak Ridge, 18 miles south of the dam. The museum's two-hour guided tour (admission 50¢) includes a 45-minute motion picture on atomic energy, demonstrations on the uses of radioisotopes in medicine, farming and industry, and a "dime irradiator," for the kids. A dime inserted into the machine is irradiated, encased in a plastic and aluminum container and returned as a souvenir.

### CHEROKEE LAKE

Principally a black bass and crappie lake, Cherokee is 39 miles from Norris Dam over a good highway, suitable for boat trailering. Its 463 miles of wooded shore line wind in and out of rust-studded coves perfect for bass fishing.

Cherokee Lake has 13 boat docks, the majority of them geared to fishermen. It's always a good idea to buy lures locally, since docks stock those most successful in the area. **CHEROKEE LODGE** on the north side of the Lake at Bean Station,

has archery, badminton, shuffleboard, horseshoes, good swimming and rental horses and ponies to keep children busy while parents fish. Daily rates are \$5 a couple; children under 10, free. You may want to take the children to Morristown, five miles away, to see the **CHICKETT TAVERN**, boyhood home of Davy Crockett.

**GALLOWAY'S VILLAGE** near Rutledge, 10 miles from Jefferson City, has 75 boats for rent at \$2 a day. Night fishing is a big sport here from a lighted floating dock which seats 90 fishermen. Rates at Galloway's motel run from \$25 to \$40 a week.

The county is dry, as are most counties in the Tennessee Valley, but organizations such as the Elks, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Moose, Rotary and American Legion generally have bars and serve better steaks than the local restaurants. Vacationers who get thirsty while touring should remember to carry along membership cards.

### FORT PATRICK HENRY AND BOONE LAKES

The Old Warriors' Path, now Highway 11W, links Cherokee with Fort Patrick Henry and Boone lakes, 76 miles away in the hilly, heavily wooded region of Tennessee called Boone Country. Overlooking Fort Patrick Henry Lake (see map) is 1,800-acre **WARRIORS' PATH STATE PARK**, one of the most beautiful parks in eastern Tennessee. As a special treat for children, camp overnight at one of the park's public campsites. The park also has several fine picnic areas, a snack bar, boats and horses for rent and many miles of riding and hiking trails along the lake.

If you are not the tenting type, Kingsport is only a 10-minute drive away and has a number of good motels and hotels. It also has a skating rink to distract the young and stock-car racing on Saturday nights.

At Boone Lake, **RAINBOW DOCK** near Piney Flats and **ROCKINGHAM DOCK** outside Jonesboro have cabins, boats and motors for rent. **MEREDITH'S BOAT DOCK AND GRILL**, near Route 4, attracts large fleets of houseboats during the season because of its big launching ramps and fine restaurant. Wednesday is smorgasbord day at Meredith's. A southern smorgasbord, complete with fried catfish and barbecued pork, is a memorable experience.

### SOUTH HOLSTON LAKE

South Holston Lake, 41 miles from Fort Patrick Henry and Boone lakes, is right in the middle of the rough, mountain country sometimes called "the cradle of the southwest." During the Civil War in this area of little or no slavery, alliances were sharply divided between North and South. Today the few farmers of the region struggle against rocky soil to harvest crops of tobacco and vegetables. Back in the hills, the occasional smoke of a still drifts above the trees, signaling a moonshiner at his illegal but never abandoned sport.

The only legitimate summer theater south of the Mason-Dixon line is at Abingdon, Va., eight miles north of Bristol (see map) in the shadow of White Top Mountain. Known as the State Theatre of Virginia, the **BARTER THEATRE** presents an excellent dramatic bill from June to September. Showing this week is *The Mouse Trap*.

Throughout this region, small mountain streams afford fine trout fishing well into the summer months. But most fishermen in the area go for the big black bass in South Holston Lake. Streamers, often used behind a small spinner or as front of a worm, are most popular. Although the lake was not completed until late in 1950, big fish are beginning to be taken regularly.



SUMMER VACATIONLAND for auto and boat travelers is vast Tennessee Valley area. Although all lakes in the valley may be reached by car, and all have fine boating water, some lend

themselves better than others to a particular kind of travel. Shows above is the author's tour by auto (light blue) and her cruising course (dark blue) along the Tennessee River.

**FRIENDSHIP DOCK**, a short drive from South Hobson Dam over a twisting, blacktop road through the mountains, is the most popularly patronized of the seven small-boating centers on the lake. During the season its floating dock handles between 125 and 150 private craft in addition to 31 rental boats. Recently constructed redwood cabins, with or without cooking facilities, rent weekly for \$50 to \$60 a couple with no charge for children under 10. Friendship's small restaurant also has fish-freezing facilities and carries fishing tackle.

#### WATAUGA LAKE

Watauga Dam is surrounded by a ring of mountains on a clear, blue lake 37 miles from South Hobson. Its water reaches depths of 500 feet in some places. There are nine boat docks on the lake, comprising a half million dollars worth of water-based floats, piers, boat slips and recreational craft. Seven of the docks have overnight accommodations and most of them have campfires and picnic areas.

**WATAUGA LAKESHORE** on Highway 67 has a good restaurant, but here—as at the majority of restaurants in the valley—it is frequently difficult to get a rare steak even when you order it served raw. Watauga Lakeshore's terrace borders a new swimming pool perched high above the lake. Numerous hiking trails begin at the restaurant and wind their way up into the surrounding mountains, along fine trout streams and into great meadows of rhododendron. The altitude at Watauga is 2,000 feet; average summer temperature: 74°.

On the lake itself, fishing is good for large- and smallmouth bass, crappie and some really big pike. Bait and tackle are sold at all docks on the lake. Guides, and this is true of much of the Tennessee Valley area, are generally local fishing enthusiasts who gather at the larger docks. They are happy to take visitors out for a few dollars (average: \$10 a full day) when they are not working elsewhere. During the best fishing months—April to October—this means there are lots of guides on the docks. Although they are not professionals in the Florida sense of the word, they invariably know the immediate waters as well as the fish.

To play a round of golf and see some lovely scenery en route, drive south on 19E across the North Carolina border to Linville, a vacation town huddled against Grandfather Mountain. Linville Falls and Linville Gorge are beautiful natural spectacles. The colorful community of **LITTLE SWITZERLAND** is here, as well as **LINVILLE GOLF COURSE** (public), considered one of the finest in the South.

#### DOUGLAS LAKE

The drive from Watauga to Douglas Dam is 111 miles, a long haul, particularly where children are concerned, but worth it. Break up the trip by stopping halfway at Greenville. **THE ROUND TABLE RESTAURANT** at **KING ARTHUR'S COURT** on Route 35 is considered by many Tennesseans the best restaurant in the eastern area of the state.

If the youngsters have already seen Davy Crockett's boyhood home, they are sure to insist here on a visit to Davy Crockett's birthplace, 3½ miles off the highway at the Greene County line. The washboard road to this historic site runs through some of the most backwoods country in the South, involves driving the car across a stream and makes one wonder how Old Davy ever managed to leave home.

Greenville, and Newport at Douglas Lake, feature stock-car racing Saturday nights on reasonably modern tracks. Newport is also the scene of a good portion of Tennessee's cock-fighting activity, a sport which is illegal in the state but, like moonshining, nevertheless has a dedicated following.

The best way to find a cockfight, since most take place in secluded barns and eat room atmospheres, is to pass the time of day with one of the local gas station attendants while you let him fill your tank, change your oil, grease the car and sell you cigarettes and soda pop. Then, casually, the conversation should shift to something like, "I was supposed to meet old Joe here about the cockfight. . . ." After looking at your watch a few times, convey the impression that Joe, as usual, has left you in a strange town with money riding on a good bird you can't find. Few real aficionados can resist this approach.

*continued*

Douglas Lake is 49 miles long and a mile and a half wide. Fifteen docks, 13 of them in the Dandridge area, provide overnight accommodations for 179 people and daytime services for many times that number. The majority of visitors to Douglas come for the day, since the lake is located halfway between Knoxville and Gatlinburg. They generally stop at **DANDRIDGE MUNICIPAL PARK** on Route 66, eight miles from Douglas Dam, where they can picnic, camp and fish free of charge. Largemouth bass, crappie and small stripers make up the principal catches on Douglas. There are several good places to stay overnight. **GALLOWAY'S LANDING** near Dandridge has its own paved road, launching ramp and more than 50 rental boats. Its kitchen-equipped cabins accommodate four and rent for \$6 a day or \$35 a week.

At nearby **INDIAN CREEK BOAT DOCK**, boats are furnished free with each cottage. **ISLAND VIEW CAMP**, five miles west of Dandridge, caters particularly to fishermen. Its floating dock has 75 boats for rent, a tackle shop, live bait and freeing facilities. The Island View's restaurant specializes in hushpuppies, southern fried chicken and country ham. This last, hickory smoked and aged without refrigeration, is one of the most delicious dishes in the Tennessee Valley.

### SMOKY MOUNTAINS AND FONTANA LAKE

The next lake target in your tour is Fontana, 81 miles from Douglas, but plan to stop halfway at Gatlinburg, a charming resort town at the edge of **GREAT SMOKY NATIONAL PARK**. There's something special for every member of the family at Gatlinburg, so if time permits, spend a couple of days there. For children, there is an amusement area at Pigeon Forge, six miles outside the town. This has a wild-animal farm, miniature frontier town, a moonshiners' village, the **SMOKY MOUNTAIN CAR MUSEUM** and **SMOKY CITY**. While the kids are looking at "wild animals," parents can shoot a few holes on the Pigeon Forge championship public golf course.

But the greatest boom to vacationing families is Gatlinburg's **KINDERKAMP** on Cherokee Orchard Road just off the highway. From June to September the Kinderkamp opens at 7 a.m. and closes at midnight for children (3 months to 12 years) of tourists. Rates are 50¢ an hour during the day; 75¢ an hour in the evening.

The Mountain View Hotel has the best restaurant in Gatlinburg. In the center of town is the **GATLINBURG SKY-LIFT**, first in the South, which runs 1,800 feet up to the crest of Crockett Mountain. (In spite of his humble beginnings, Davy was well-traveled. Like Kilroy, he seems to have been here too!) A road also winds up to the top of Crockett Mountain, but the curves are all hairpins and the incline very steep. Check brakes before driving anywhere in the Smokies.

A big attraction at Gatlinburg, for parents and children

alike, are daily nature hikes which the National Park Service conducts free of charge through the Great Smokies. Even tourists who have never considered themselves naturalists will find these hikes fascinating. For the real outdoor enthusiast, well-maintained and marked sites are scattered throughout the park for overnight camping. Trout season runs until August 31 and there are 690 miles of trout streams in Great Smoky National Park.

If sleeping out holds no appeal, there is a unique lodge, reachable only on foot (about a three-hour hike) or by horseback, perched right on top of triple-peaked Mt. LeConte, which towers a mile above Gatlinburg. Trails to the lodge wind past Rainbow Falls and Trillium Gap through some of the wildest and most beautiful portions of the Smokies. An overnight stay at **LECONTE LODGE**, including lodging, breakfast and dinner, is only \$7 per person.

The best time to make the mountain drive from Gatlinburg to Fontana is early in the morning or toward late afternoon when the famous Smoky Mountain haze is most likely to be foraging in roadside redneck cars. Take a side trip on the way to 6,843-foot Clingmans Dome, highest peak in the Smokies. As a matter of fact, this mountain is the "Old Smoky."

**CHEROKEE**, at the southern extremity of the park, is the largest Indian Reservation in eastern America. The Indians, alas, have gone 20th century, and although they dress in full feather and buckskin for the tourist, the village is actually a honky-tonk of souvenir stands, red-skinned barkies and candy-apple stalls. This doesn't bother children, so expect to stop at the **CHEROKEE INDIAN MUSEUM** and the **OGONALAFTEE VILLAGE** where for \$1.20 admission you can watch beads being strung and baskets being woven.

Cherokee also has an open-air theater, the **MOUNTAIN-SIDE**, which nightly, except Monday, presents *Unto These Hills*, a drama of the Cherokee, which is well worth the \$1.50 to \$3 admission.

It's only an hour's run by car from Cherokee to 480-foot Fontana Dam, on the North Carolina side of the park. **FONTANA VILLAGE**, originally built to house dam construction personnel, is now operated as a resort which accommodates 1,200 people daily. Make reservations early because last season as many as 400 visitors were turned away in a single day.

If you like the real thing—not a jizzed-up tourist version—semi-weekly square dances to the Fontana Village Square Dance Band are held in the large recreation hall. The village also has concerts, lectures, handicraft instruction and art lessons. A children's playground and pony ring provide entertainment for young fry. In addition, there is free group baby sitting Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays, and private sitters are available for 65¢ an hour at all times.

Accommodations at Fontana Village are moderately priced. Double rooms in the 56-room lodge rent at \$7 a day; huge three-bedroom six-person cottages with kitchens for \$162



**RECORD CATCHES** from Dale Hollow and Center Hill are held by proud anglers: D. L. Hayes (left) with world's record

smallmouth bass; Renner Bryant with U.S. record walleye; and George Langston (right) with national record brown trout.

weekly. The air-conditioned two-line cafeteria serves only cafeteria-quality food.

Fishing on Fontana—there are seven boat rental docks—is particularly good for largemouth bass, occasionally in the 5- to 10-pound class, and also for crappie and bream.

### HIWASSEE LAKE

The last lake before returning to Knoxville is Hiwassee, a 95-mile drive from Fontana through great woodlands, past deep gorges and into a sparsely developed area of North Carolina which is almost surrounded by National Forests. The dam rises 367 feet above the bed of the river, forming a lake considered by many anglers the best game-fishing waters in the southern Tennessee Valley. It has been stocked with thousands of black bass and annually yields limit catches of this species, as well as pike and crappie. There are eight boat docks on the lake, all near Murphy, N.C.

The nearest motels and tourist courts are at Murphy on the eastern end of Hiwassee Lake. But for the family which likes roughing it in a trailer or tent, particularly if they want to be right where the best fishing is early in the morning, the lake itself is a lovely wilderness area for camping out overnight.

On the way back to Knoxville, break the 98-mile drive with a luncheon stop at **SPINER'S RESTAURANT** outside Maryville. If nobody's hungry, wait for the **IMMELAND RESTAURANT** in Knoxville, which serves really first-class food, cold beer and rare steaks.

### DALE HOLLOW AND CENTER HILL LAKES

These are two more lakes cradled in the great arc formed by the Tennessee and its tributaries, which are not part of the TVA system but are linked so closely to it geographically that they definitely belong in this tour. Dale Hollow and Center Hill, built by the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers on the Cumberland River, are two of the finest fishing lakes in the United States. The Outdoor Writers Association recently voted Dale Hollow the best fresh-water-fishing lake in North America.

Both Dale Hollow and Center Hill lakes can be reached by boat from either Knoxville or Nashville in under three hours. Dale Hollow straddles the Tennessee-Kentucky border in the center of the state and is perhaps the best known of the two. This spring it yielded the largest brown trout ever taken on this continent (34, May 5)—a whopping 26-pound 2-ounce fish hooked on a Doll Fly in the tail waters of Dale Hollow Dam. Three years ago this same lake produced the world's record smallmouth bass, 11 pounds 15 ounces. In between record fish, its uncountable numbers of six-, seven- and eight-pound bass lure anglers here from all over the nation.

The best place to stay is at **CEDAR HILL RESORT**, on Dale Hollow near Celina, Tenn. There are 20 new cottages here, as well as a motel and restaurant overlooking the water, a fine fishing dock with complete tackle, 70 fishing boats and a 30-foot houseboat which may be rented for night fishing parties (\$18 daily charter or \$100 per week) or for overnight trips on the lake. These are fun even for nonfishermen.

Besides smallmouths and brown trout, largemouth and Kentucky bass, walleyes, crappies to 3½ pounds, rainbows, striped bass and catfish are abundant at Dale Hollow. Dick Roberts, who runs Cedar Hill Resort, has a regular staff of 10 guides who usually report in at the dock around 6 each morning. The safest bet, however, is to call the night before, particularly if you want a specific guide, such as "Cherry," the best known at Dale Hollow. The usual guide fee is \$10, but most anglers add another \$5 if their luck is especially good.

Much of the 850-mile shore line at Dale Hollow is heavily overhung with wooded growth. Hundreds of small, bush-covered points jut out into the water, forming a myriad of coves where big bass lurk. A skilled fisherman, who is able to lay his surface lure close in under the overhanging growth, can almost take bets on a strike. However, while he's playing his fish, less proficient anglers (like myself) are more often than not untangling yards of monofilament from bushes that invariably get in the way.



VACATIONERS CROWD VALLEY BEACHES TO SUN AND SWIM

Warning: There are a fair number of snakes in the Tennessee Valley region, some of them poisonous. Look around before hopping out of a boat onto the shore. It is possible, but not likely, to step on a copperhead.

Because fishing is terrific on both Dale Hollow and Center Hill, some rivalry exists between them. The U.S. record walleye (21 pounds 4 ounces) was taken at Center Hill last year. Ever since Dale Hollow's big trout, Center Hill has been one record behind. The lake's top angler, Auvel Hayes, doesn't believe the box score will stay like this much longer. He's convinced there is an even bigger smallmouth than the present world's record just waiting to be taken out of Center Hill.

Hayes runs **COVE HOLLOW RESORT** on the lake near Lancaster, Tenn. Like Dick Roberts' resort, Cove Hollow is really geared to the serious fisherman. Fishing boats and motors are for rent at the dock where eight top Center Hill guides make their headquarters. If they're all booked up, local sportsmen seldom need much persuasion to run out to a nearby cove for a few hours.

Auvel Hayes and the Doll Fly are synonymous at Center Hill. Until Hayes began fishing seriously with the Doll Fly a few years ago, it was just another local Knoxville lure, no more or less effective than many of the others used in the area. Then Hayes suggested a few innovations to its originator, Elmer Thompson, and together they arrived at the present design.

Hayes believes the really big bass are down at depths of from 20 to 30 feet. The Doll, which can be worked on casting, spinning or trolling tackle, is heavy enough to get that deep and apparently attractive enough to make the big ones strike. The evening I fished with Hayes he hooked into an eight-pound smallmouth where my surface lures couldn't intrigue anything over three pounds. Frankly, I'd rather see a small bass hit a lure on top of the water than feel a big one down deep, but that's purely personal preference. As far as beating the present smallmouth record is concerned, the chances are very good that a Doll Fly fisherman will do it. And the chances are even better that it will come from the Tennessee Valley area, where fish—and all other vacation attractions for the traveler—grow better every year.

TURN PAGE FOR BOAT CRUISE



## CRUISING THE TENNESSEE

WHERE the Holston and French Broad rivers converge at Knoxville, the big Tennessee begins its 632-mile flow to the Ohio, winding through four states and a vast semiwilderness of camping, hiking, fishing and vacationland. All of the great man-made lakes on the river can be reached by car, but for a unique and exciting adventure, the best way to enjoy this area is to cruise down the length of the Tennessee River. Although the run from Knoxville to Paducah can be made in nine days, at least three weeks should be allowed to really enjoy a cruise down the Tennessee. There is much to see and do along the way.

An outboard or small to medium inboard cruiser is ideal for this trip. The boat should be able to make 18 mph for some of the longer runs between overnight stops. Many vacationers prefer to sleep aboard, but even if this isn't part of the plan, cruising will be more enjoyable with a place to stretch out or put the children to bed. There are few shore-side stops. A head and small galley make living more comfortable along the way.

This reporter made the Tennessee River cruise in a 22-foot Chris-Craft Cavalier. This was just about as small a boat as safety and comfort demand. You can't rent a boat this big in the Tennessee Valley area. To bring in a 22-footer of your own, the average lightweight trailer is too small. A commercial trailer like the 1,000-pound Peterson Bros. Gator which the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED expedition used, handles the job nicely. Smaller craft can be rented on a day basis on all of the lakes. The Cavalier was equipped with two 35-hp Evinrude outboards, which averaged 20 to 22 mph downstream when pushed. With four six-gallon tanks, the boat had a top-speed cruising range of 36 miles—minimum for this trip—and an emergency reserve which allowed another five miles for miscalculating the next gas stop. This happens, so be prepared. The river is big and lonely—and like all rivers, can be dangerous if approached incautiously.

Navigation charts are essential in making this cruise. The Tennessee Valley Authority publishes a complete set of revised charts to the river, showing underwater conditions, navigation channels and sailing aids. They sell for \$10 and may be obtained by writing to TVA, Knoxville.

### FORT LOUDOUN TO WATTS BAR—122 miles

A water-minded city, Knoxville, on Fort Loudoun Lake, is the best place to begin a cruise down the Tennessee River. Knoxville has boat-repair facilities for every brand of marine equipment manufactured, 26 public access areas to the lake and over a dozen docks developed by the county, private enterprises, clubs and municipal organizations for public use.

The ANCHORAGE YACHT BASIN near Cates Bridge at Highway 73 has a 500-foot dock with 10 feet of water at the full pumps, slips to accommodate boats up to 50 feet in length,

24-hour service and complete marine supplies. The nearby RIVERLAKE MARINA can float boats up to 15 tons and 50 feet. A marine shop at the marina handles work on diesel and gasoline engines and hulls.

Any boat starting a cruise down the Tennessee should be completely overhauled and put in first-class running condition before departure from Knoxville. Extensive repairs are practically impossible along the way. Extra sparkplugs, a ton kit and enough spare bumpers to take care of the many unspooled docks along the river should all be put on the boat here.

Gas can be a problem. The simplest way to avoid running out of gas, this reporter found, was to fill up the tanks at every available spot on the river, regardless of whether they'd been filled only 10 miles before. Even so, I ran out of gas twice; both times, fortunately, within sight of the next pump station.

Running downstream, the main channel is marked with black buoys on the right and red buoys on the left. These buoys are keyed with mileage distances figured from Paducah, Ky. The U.S. Coast Guard maintains all buoys, lights, day marks and safety harbor aids. Numerous secondary channels run from the main channel into tributary creeks, streams and rivers. In most cases these are less clearly marked than the main channel but, in daylight, reasonably easy to follow.

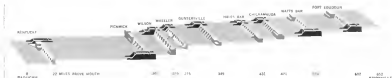
In general, a comfortable cruise is one which requires straight runs of no more than four hours. This permits enough leisure to stop en route and cast into the show for bass, or to throttle down to trolling speed for baby stripers and crappie. It also insures being moored at a safe harbor before nightfall.

With a fast boat and a before-breakfast start it is possible to run the 116 miles from Knoxville to WATTS BAR RESORT in one day. Even averaging 20 mph, however, this is more than a six-hour trip, allowing time for looting through Fort Loudoun Dam.

Few children can cruise six consecutive hours without making life unbearable for themselves and their parents. For families with children, therefore, and anyone with a reasonably slow boat, plan an overnight stop en route at either LONG ISLAND MARINA or CANEY CREEK. Gas stops on Fort Loudoun Lake are at LOUISVILLE, 22 miles from Knoxville, and at CONCORD (mile 618).

The first lock on route is at 123-foot-high Fort Loudoun Dam (mile 602). This takes about 15 minutes to lock through. For anyone who has never handled a small boat through a lockage system the experience is bewildering and sometimes frightening. Ordinarily, the locks operate every hour on the hour for pleasure craft, at any time for commercial craft. Since the Tennessee handles a vast amount of commercial traffic, this means that the locks are in operation practically every minute of the day.

Sometimes pleasure boats are permitted to share a lockage



NINE TVA DAMS AND THEIR LOCKS ON TENNESSEE ARE SHOWN ABOVE WITH DISTANCES FROM RIVER'S MOUTH AT PADUCAH



MASSIVE TVA LOCK TOWERS OVER APPROACHING CRUISER

with a barge when the barge doesn't fill the entire lock space. But this can be harrowing for the novice on cruise. Everything happens fast. The barge moves through the open lock gate, sending a great backwash behind it. At the same time a loudspeaker bellows from somewhere near the dam: "Come ahead there." In the churning water being kicked up inside the lock there doesn't seem to be room for even a canoe, let alone a small cruiser. The voice shouts again. Since there is no other boat in sight, the cruiser hesitantly inches forward into the barge's swirling backwash. The personless voice shouts: "Fasten to the 10-bitt," as the huge steel- and wood-bumpered gate swings closed behind. This is no place for anyone with claustrophobia.

Almost immediately the water begins to drop inside the lock. This is usually before the cruiser's novice deck hand has figured out what and where the 10-bitt is. (Actually, it is one of a series of moorings inside the lock wall which floats up and down as the water level inside the lock rises or drops.) The novice's often abortive struggle to lasso what must be the bitt with the bow line is then further impeded by a growing feeling of panic as both the water level and the bitt sink along the wall. At the helm, the pilot must jockey the boat near enough to the bitt to give the deck hand a fighting chance, yet keep far enough away from the barge to avoid heeling dizzily in its wake, and far enough off the wall to prevent nipping a hole in the hull.

"The biggest trouble we have with novices," says one lock operator, "is to keep them from mooring to the stationary ladders down the inside of the lock. Every now and then one of them does and it's a sight to see. If the rope is strong enough and the boat small enough, the bow is usually three feet out of the water before they realize what has happened."

On the down-river side of Fort Loudoun lock is Watts Bar Reservoir, a 72-mile-long lake with 783 miles of shore line. LENOX CITY, a mile from the dam, has gas at FATE EVANS DOCK and the LENOX CITY MARINA. The next gas is at LOUDOUN MARINE PARK (mile 592). LONG ISLAND MARINA (mile 571) and CANEY CREEK DOCK (mile 561.9) both have limited overnight cabins, snack bars and dockage facilities. These are good places to take advantage of overnight mooring facilities and sample sleeping aboard ship.

Watts Bar Resort is only a 38-mile run from Caney Creek.

Its harbor is a protected natural cove which at first glance is reminiscent of a blue-and-white New England fishing port. Constructed in 1939 to house dam personnel, Watts Bar Village has been remodeled into a first-class resort by its owners, Sally and Pete Smith. On the walls of the restaurant, which overlooks a California-style swimming pool, is a collection of fine Mexican and Spanish paintings. The food at all meals is excellent (steaks ordered rare are served rare) but for breakfast a particular specialty of Watts Bar is buckwheat cakes—the old-fashioned, fermented Vermont kind.

Watts Bar Resort is worth a stop of several days. Besides swimming and riding there is good fishing here for largemouth bass, crappie and young stripers in coves near the resort. Some of the best fun is fishing on light tackle for big, gamy shad, called in this area fresh-water tarpon.

For auto travelers the dock has a complete fleet of aluminum boats and three 7½- and 18-hp motors are for rent. The resort also rents a number of "sunfish" (small boats which resemble sailfish in design). These are regularly raced on the lake by guests.

Watts Bar facilities range from studio-size one-room apartments (\$8 daily) to 3-bedroom kitchenette cottages (\$18.50), all air-conditioned and beautifully furnished.

#### WATTS BAR TO CHICKAMAUGA—39 miles

From Watts Bar Dam you will have a fast (three hours) run down to LORET RESORT VILLAS on Chickamauga Lake, near the very lively city of Chattanooga. There isn't any place to buy things along the way, so stock up on cold beer (legal here), soda and ice before leaving Watts Bar.

The lock through 112-foot Watts Bar Dam takes about 15 minutes. On the downstream side, Chickamauga Lake is approximately the size of Watts Bar and has a shore line of 810 miles. It averages between a quarter and a half mile wide for much of its 59-mile length. This is an easy stretch to run, with deep water virtually from shore to shore. It is a good place to let young members of the family practice river piloting.

At least one gas stop is necessary on this run. The most convenient place is at Dayton Light (mile 564.4), 26 miles from Watts Bar. A well-marked secondary channel swings right from the river and runs a mile and a half to DAYTON'S DOCK in the town of Dayton. Other fueling points are at PINE HARBOR, SHADY GROVE HARBOR and BASS BAY RESORT CAMP. From here it is only another 16 miles to Loret Resort Villas on Harrison Bay (mile 479) in Chickamauga Lake.

This is an area the serious bass fisherman will really enjoy. Harrison Bay is approximately two miles across. It is a series of flats and shallows spotted with small islands, many of them root-covered and submerged. It is ideal water for casting surface lures over stump beds or trolling along the island banks.

The most popular bass trolling lure in this area is a silver-colored Buck's lure, although almost any color combination of this lure will take fish. Sam Thatcher, who manages Loret Villas when he isn't out fishing, has a standing bet with all comers that he can take a bass within 15 minutes any time he trolls a Buck's lure. Thatcher claims he has had to pay off only once—and on that occasion he hooked into a 2½-pounder five minutes after the time limit expired. Whether or not this is true, there is no question that there are plenty of bass in Harrison Bay.

There is also a floodlighted fishing dock, which is almost as popular with less serious fishing members of the family as its bow waters are with dedicated anglers. Loret's boat dock is one of the prettiest on any TVA lake, particularly at night. Its lighted stalls accommodate more than 100 boats. Dockage is included with cottages, which rent from \$11 up. All of Loret's cottages are air-conditioned, equipped with kitchens and look out across the bay. A new restaurant opened this year.

PONIC ISLAND, attached to the mainland by a floating walk, is directly opposite the resort. Its name, of course, comes from the most popular activity which occurs there. Water

continued

skin and speed boats are for rent—and very much in demand—here. In fact, the latter sport is so popular on weekends in the deep waters near Wolftever Bridge that even an expert needs courage to jockey the errand-crowded wakes of several hundred hot-rod runabouts.

There is plenty of night life in Chattanooga, only a 30-minute drive from Loret Villas. (Baby sitters and transportation to the city are both available at the resort.) Although mixed drinks are as taboo here as in most of Tennessee, many nightclubs—and Chattanooga has a number of good ones—show a casual disregard for this and other restrictions.

One of the best places to spend an evening is the **CATLE IN THE CLOUDS**, which is high above Chattanooga on Lookout Mountain. It is an elaborate, exotic showplace with first-class food, a good orchestra and big-name entertainment. On warm summer evenings there is dancing on the outdoor patio against a panorama of twinkling lights from the city far below.

Nearby, **THE CHATEAU** is a smaller, more intimate restaurant which serves the best food in the Chattanooga area. Its dimly-lighted dining room is flanked on one side by a horse-shoe-shaped bar and on the other by a well-played piano.

Chattanooga's **CABLE INCLINE RAILWAY**, a big attraction for kids, runs to the top of Lookout Mountain from the center of town. **ROCK CITY**, which advertises on practically every bar and burlesque within 200 miles, is worth visiting at any age. Lookout Mountain and the Chattanooga-Chickamauga area are especially interesting from a historical point of view. Besides the spectacular drive along Missionary Ridge, nearby **CHICKAMAUGA BATTLEFIELD**, the nation's oldest and largest military park, houses the country's most complete collection of firearms. These weapons are representative of every war in which Americans have fought since pre-revolutionary times.

## CHICKAMAUGA TO GUNTERVILLE—122 miles

Most vacationers on cruise plan to spend several days on Gunterville Lake. The 122-mile run to Gunterville from Loret, however, is the longest on the trip and should be broken by an overnight stop along the way. **MULLINS COVE FISHING DOCK** (mile 45.8) and **MUD CREEK** (mile 39.7) both have small overnight cabins. Mud Creek is just under 90 miles, dock to dock, from Loret and involves the time delay of two lockages. If it can be reached in a single run, accommodations here are some of the more comfortable than at Mullins Cove. But Mud Creek is definitely not water which even the expert should attempt to navigate after dark.

Nine miles downstream from Loret, Chickamauga Dam (mile 47.1) is 129 feet high and an easy lockage. Just before the dam, gas up either on the right bank at **GOLD POINT MARINA** or on the left at **CHICKAMAUGA BOAT HARBOR**. The next gas stop is 35 miles from the dam.

Hales Bar Reservoir is on the other side of Chickamauga Dam. Here the river runs past the most heavily industrialized section of Chattanooga, along the base of Lookout Mountain and around Morristown Bend. For the next 30 miles it cuts through the Grand Canyon of Tennessee, traversing some of the most spectacular country in the state. The river twists and winds its way past Signal Mountain, through such picturesque named areas as Skillet Gap, Pot Point, Grindstone Ridge and along Raccoon Mountain to Ellis Gap. For car trailers, the Lee Highway runs parallel to Hales Bar in this section of the reservoir.

If planning an overnight stop, follow the markers at Mullins Cove Light (mile 43.8) to Mullins Cove Fishing Dock. There are also several fueling points five miles from Mullins Cove at Hales Bar Dam.

In Gunterville Reservoir, two miles downstream from the dam, the Lee Highway Bridge crosses the water. Here **RAULSTON'S DOCK** and **BEENE'S DOCK** can handle refueling problems and also launch boats up to about 28 feet.

Once past Long Island (there are several Long Islands on

the river; this one is at mile 416.5), the channel runs broad and clear to Mud Creek. This is a good place to water-ski. It was possible to ski behind the boat I had on many of these stretches, although its 20-mph speed was somewhat slow for success with a monoski—at least as far as an amateur monoskier was concerned.

Mud Creek is 2½ miles off the main channel at Mud Creek Light. The secondary channel is nearly impossible to locate from the river. This spring the markers for the first half mile into the creek had fallen to ruin or been washed away and only a twisting, narrow passage between heavily overgrown banks was visible from the main channel. As deceptive as this passage appears, it is deep and safe to travel—merely frustrating to locate. A half mile up the creek, small markers run all the way to **MUD CREEK DOCK**.

The restaurant here specializes in Alabama barbecue at \$1 a plate. This meal more than compensates for the difficulties in locating the channel. In addition to cabins, Mud Creek also has a tackle shop and overnight moorings in a protected harbor if you plan to sleep aboard. It is less than 40 miles from here to Gunterville, with one gas stop at **STEWART'S DOCK**, just past the Pine Island Light at mile 36.8.

But this area is big water, and it can be dangerous. Storms come up on these river lakes with less warning and only slightly less fury than they do on oceans. I encountered such a storm this spring and spent an anxious 10 minutes fighting it in the middle of one of Gunterville's broadest stretches. It came with no obvious warning. One moment the sky was blue, the next it was black. In seconds the lake was slapping and pounding against the sides of the boat. The Cavalier is sturdy and easy to handle. It took a beating that day which a smaller craft might not have survived.

If you do get caught in such a blow there are safety harbors marked with wooden arrows all along the river, and a particularly large number of them in these broad, unprotected areas of Gunterville Reservoir. Any one of them can be reached in a maximum of 10 minutes' fast running. With a watchful eye on the weather, that's usually sufficient time to beat a storm to shore.

The George S. Houston Bridge stretches across the river at the city of Gunterville, destination for this lap of the cruise. There is an inexpensive motel with small dock, the **LAKE SHORE**, directly under the bridge on the right bank of the river. But the first place to stop in Gunterville is **VAL-MONTE RESORT**, the newest on the entire Tennessee River.

Val-Monte belongs—or will shortly—in a class with Bermuda's Coral Beach Club. It is an exclusive, first-class resort, operated as a public club for guests who are willing to pay for the best. Because this is Val-Monte's first season, many of its buildings have not been completed. An ultramodern waterfront hotel is currently under construction and will be opened later this summer. A sleek motel on the white-sand beach has already been completed, as have the clubhouses, restaurant, pro shops, lounges and wall-to-wall-carpeted locker rooms. Val-Monte has a par-3 nine-hole, electrically lighted golf course, a streamlined marina which can dock over 160 boats, bridle paths and horses, playgrounds, beach cabanas and extensive boat rentals.

The **GUNTERVILLE MARINA** nearby serves good fried shrimp in its restaurant and carries a large stock of fishing tackle at its dock. The **GUNTERVILLE YACHT CLUB** in the city extends its privileges to members of other clubs.

Because of great expanses of deep water in the area, aquaplaning, water skiing and sailing are very popular near Gunterville. Dozens of stumpy coves and bays offer good bass fishing year-round and particularly fine quail shooting nearby in the fall.

## GUNTERVILLE TO WHEELER—74 miles

Sleep late the morning you leave Gunterville for Wheeler Lake, because brunch at **VAUGHN'S FISHING CAMP**, less than an hour away, shouldn't be missed. Gunterville Dam is nine miles downstream from the George S. Houston Bridge.



It is 94 feet high and takes about 10 minutes to lock through. Vaughn's is a mile downstream on the right bank. For \$1.25 a plate, they serve a delicious fish fry.

The first gas stop on Wheeler Reservoir is 24 miles from Guntersville at the **MADISON COUNTY BOAT HARBOR** (mile 334). From here the river passes Huntsville Arsenal and runs through **WHEELER NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE**, a vast, protected wilderness which stretches undisturbed for almost 20 miles along either side of the river. Bird watchers will be glad they remembered to bring along binoculars here.

Decatur, Ala., a city of 25,000 population, is on the left bank of the Tennessee at mile 395. Near Keller Memorial Bridge, the **WHEELER LAKE YACHT CLUB** at Decatur Harbor offers its facilities to transient boat owners. The **INGALLS SHIPBUILDING COMPANY**, two miles downstream, does an excellent overhaul, if one is needed.

Twenty-one miles downstream you may want to make an overnight stop at **ELK RIVER LODGE**. The lodge is owned and operated by the State of Alabama primarily as a fishing camp. Its rooms are new and clean but double-decker, dormitory style with a public bath down the hall. A small short-order restaurant was added this year but most guests cook in the large community kitchen. Beds rent for \$2 a night.

The Elk River Lodge is located in the heart of a great wooded wilderness. Large snapping turtles swim into the harbor and a number of mallard ducks have adopted it as their home. In fact, they're so friendly that one drake managed to fly right into a line I was casting off the back of the boat. (The duck season is closed in summer, even for birds taken on rod and reel.) There is fairly good bass fishing nearby, but without guide service (Elk River Lodge doesn't seem to have any) the right spots are hard to find.

#### **WHEELER TO PICKWICK LANDING—68 miles**

Leave Elk River Lodge by 8 a.m. at the intent to make the seven-mile run back to the Tennessee River and the 77 miles cruise to **PICKWICK LANDING** before dark. The resort at Pickwick is worth visiting, so allow enough time to look around. There are four lockages involved in this stretch of river which can seriously delay a small boat if freight traffic is heavy. Locking through the first, Wheeler Dam, into Wilson Lake (mile 273) takes about 10 minutes, and traffic moves rapidly. On the other side there are several docks with gas for the run down Wilson Reservoir.

Wilson is only 15½ miles long, but its antiquated triple-lock system, now being replaced by a modern single structure, takes longer to lock through than any dam on the Tennessee River. Big barges have to lock in sections, a time-consuming operation during which pleasure boats can be held up several hours. When finally through, gas up again at **O'NEAL HARBOR DOCK**, two and a half miles downstream on the right bank. The next gas stop is **WATERLOO DOCK**, just under 30 miles from O'Neal, past Waterloo Light (mile 227.8).

**PICKWICK RESORT** (mile 207.8), back in the state of Tennessee, is located on a 200-acre pine-covered peninsula which juts out into Pickwick Lake. It is a complete community with its own restaurant, post office, village hall, hotel and series of small cottages and full-size houses which range in rental from \$45 to \$72 weekly. The restaurant is strictly short-order since most people use cottage cooking facilities. It also sells ice cold, legal beer (by the glass or case), limited groceries and canned goods. Fox hunting is very popular in this area. Regular hunts, attracting up to 200 local participants, occur throughout the year. The resort can arrange for guests to go along with fox hunters if they wish. During the fall, there is also good deer and bird shooting in this heavily wooded region.

But Pickwick's greatest attraction is fishing. Dozens of small coves yield limits of big bass to the plug caster, fly fisherman or troller. Guides are available at the well-equipped dock, but the best nonprofessional guide of all is Pickwick's president, Wesley Dickson. For a lure, Dickson swears by a spotted black Bomber, cast close to the overhanging shore and retrieved slowly. He keeps up a quiet conversation as he fishes and has little patience with any cove which doesn't produce a strike on the first cast. They usually do for him.

Besides the dock at Pickwick Resort, Dickson operates another floating dock beneath Pickwick Dam. Fishing under the spillways is a harrowing and highly popular sport at most TVA dams, but particularly at Pickwick. A certain number of small fish invariably are ground up in the generators at all these dams. They form a natural chum which lures big catfish, carp, walleye and bass to the turbulent waters beneath the dams.

TVA officials discourage this kind of fishing because of the danger of boats being sucked under several thousand pounds of cascading water. A few are each year—but fishermen crowd to the dams anyway because the really big fish are here. From

continued



A POPULAR BUT RISKY SPORT ON TENNESSEE RIVER IS FISHING BENEATH DAMS FOR BIG CATFISH, CARP, WALLEYE AND BASS

spring to fall a fleet of small outboards—sometimes as many as 300—bob up and down in the massive shadow of the dam, their motors racing to hold them stationary in the strong currents. Live bait, particularly minnows, are most popularly fished at depths of 10 to 25 feet. Dickson's floating dock is handy nearby to replace baits, rent boats, sell soda pop and offer advice to newcomers.

# PICKWICK LANDING TO KENTUCKY—185 miles

Pickwick Landing Dam is the gateway to Kentucky Reservoir, the largest man-made lake in the world. Its 184-mile length has a shoreline of 2,380 miles. Surrounding this vast expanse of blue are more than \$17 million worth of land- and water-based recreational facilities. Last year, by TVA's calculations, there were more than 6½ million visits to the lake for recreational purposes. Nearly 2 million people came just to visit Kentucky Dam. Fourteen years ago this dam did not exist. Today it forms the most heavily used recreational area in the Tennessee Valley.

A minimum of three days, preferably a week, should be allocated to Kentucky Lake. It has a tremendous variety of shoreline, ranging from pink-tinged rock cliffs which rise above the water to lush meadows which stretch into the Kentucky countryside. The river lake is fairly narrow to the first overnight stop at PERRYVILLE, 72 miles from Pickwick Dam. A swift current runs toward the Ohio and makes traveling on the lake somewhat faster than on any of the others.

**SHILOH NATIONAL MILITARY PARK** is on the left bank, 8.7 miles downstream from Pickwick. It shouldn't be missed but often is, for the only marker on the shore is a small wooden sign at PITTSBURG LANDING (mile 198.1) which says, NO FISHING. Decades ago, old steam paddle wheelers used to dock here. Although it is probably not encouraged, the water is deep enough to pull in and moor to the NO FISHING sign. A small path leads up from the river's bank to a peaceful Civil War cemetery high on a hill overlooking the Tennessee. On this spot, the first great western battle of the war was fought in April of 1862. The course of this two-day battle is marked throughout the park. In the museum theater, a 20-minute film made recently in Hollywood reenacts the battle and is shown free of charge upon request.

From Shiloh, the next gas stop is just under Milo Lemert Memorial Bridge (mile 190) at Savannah. Although navigation charts show SAVANNAH DOCK here, the dock was abandoned six years ago. Commercial mussel fishermen have since taken it over as a camp for their mussel-gathering operations. They welcome visits from passing cruisers and will telephone to Savannah for gas. The city is only a short distance from the river, so there is no real delay at this fueling point. Stop again at BROWN'S DOCK (mile 158.6). From Brown's it is 23 miles to TENN-TOCKY LAKE COTTAGES at Perryville.

Bob McCauley's Tenn-Tocky Dock at Perryville is equipped to handle 34 boats up to about 28 feet in length, has a bait and tackle shop on the water and 30 fishing boats for rent. Tenn-Tocky cottages, many with two bedrooms and complete kitchens, were built this year and rent for \$7.50 up daily. Perryville is a fine overnight fishing stop for bass enthusiasts.

It is a 68-mile run from Perryville to PARIS LANDING. Attention, bird watchers! Just outside Perryville the TENNESSEE MIGRATORY WILDLIFE REFUGE begins where the river broadens into wide shallows and numerous tributary creeks. The first gas stop is at LUCAS HARBOR (mile 100.5). Gas is also available at TRAIL'S END and CLYDETON DOCKS in Big Richland Creek (mile 88.1) and at the EVA FISHING CAMP DOCK opposite Daniel Light (mile 97.7).

**THE INN at PARIS LANDING STATE PARK** (mile 66.4), owned and operated by the State of Tennessee, is the most beautiful resort between Guntersville and Kentucky Dam. Its 30 rooms each have secluded private balconies over-

looking landscaped lawns which stretch to the water. There is an island-in-the-tropics quality here which stems partly from its exotic architecture, unusual in this part of the country, and partly from an atmosphere of leisure, fine service and luxury.

The Inn's great-windowed dining room serves the best food on Kentucky Lake. A private dining room, which accommodates 250 people, is frequently used for banquets, dances and conventions. The park has a large stable, tennis courts, an archery range, gold-putting green, beaches and facilities for horseshoes, badminton, shuffleboard and croquet, as well as an excellent dock, where 50-foot yachts are a common sight.

The park and inn are open year-round. Rates at The Inn—which include use of its fine facilities—are \$5 single, \$7 or \$8 double, per day. There is only one thing worse than Paris Landing: everything it has to offer is so superior that The Inn is generally booked solid months in advance.

Several tourist courts and smaller resorts in the immediate area of Paris Landing provide less elaborate but good accommodations. **LAKE VIEW COURT**, within walking distance of PARIS LANDING DOCK, is a streamlined motel with good service and a television set in every room. **GARRISON'S RESORT** is 3½ miles away, on the water. It has housekeeping cabins and excellent water-skiing equipment and facilities. A complete skiing outfit: Cherokee boat, new 35-hp motor and skis, rent at Garrison's for \$20 a day. The best bass fishing in this area is in Lost Creek, Piney Creek and Bassard's Cove, across the river from Garrison's Resort.

A stone's throw from Piney Creek, the Tennessee-Kentucky border separates the states on the left bank of the river at mile 52.5 and runs downstream, following the main channel, to mile 49.4 on the right bank. There are dozens of small docks and fishing camps in this area; 114 on the entire lake.

A mile before Eggners Ferry Bridge (mile 41.8) is KENTUCKY LAKE STATE PARK. Like Paris Landing State Park, this is an extensive, modern recreation area. A considerable amount of rivalry exists between these neighboring state parks, based chiefly on their new hotels. The \$600,000 KENLAKE HOTEL, at Kentucky Lake State Park is much larger than The Inn at Paris Landing. In addition it has efficiency cabins ranging in rents from \$72 to \$96 weekly, which can handle many more guests during the season. It lacks the elegance of The Inn, however, both in appearance and service. Kenlake has good dock accommodations, a large tackle shop, 75 rental boats and overnight tie-ups which can handle boats of practically any size.

**THE FISHERMEN'S ONE STOP** is at Eggners Bridge on the river's right bank. It is a first-class dock which provides everything for the fisherman from boats and motors to tackle, overnight cabins and a private landing strip for sportsmen who fly in for the weekend from Memphis and Nashville.

At the dam, KENTUCKY DAM VILLAGE is another state park which has a modern lodge, numerous one-, two- and three-bedroom cottages and extensive boating and swimming facilities on the lake. There are several public launching areas, miles of bridge paths along the water, numerous public beaches and a good 18-hole public golf course with its own clubhouse, lockers and pro shop.

**THE VILLAGE DOCKS**, operated by J. W. Coakley, who is a master fisherman in his own right, have 15 feet of water at the fuel pumps, overnight tie-ups, fishing guides, rental boats and 24-hour watchman service.

In spite of all the fine bourbon made in Kentucky, this part of the state is as dry as most of Tennessee. The nearest watering place is Paducah, final destination on the Tennessee River cruise. Paducah is less than an hour away by car (there is an auto rental service at the dam), 22 miles by water. A fine marine railway at Kentucky Dam Village hauls out boats up to 30 tons and 50 feet. Many people making the cruise from Knoxville take advantage of this facility and pull out at the dam, to then ship or trail their boats home. But whether the cruise ends here or at Paducah, there seems to be a single point on which all travelers down the Tennessee agree: some day they'll return to run the river again.

END

**"...A  
philosophy  
my family  
shares"**

**Bernard F. Gimbel**

*The Chairman of the Board of the Gimbel retail empire — as civic-minded as he is sports-minded — is also Chairman of the Board of the New York Convention and Visitors Bureau, which is sponsoring again this year its fourth annual New York Summer Festival. (This year for the first time, incidentally, the SPORTS ILLUSTRATED Sports Festival became part of the New York Festival—from July 14th through 19th. Stars of entertainment and sport will present two shows daily, at 12:00 and 5:00, in the famous Lower Plaza of Rockefeller Center.)*



**C**onsistently, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a mirror of a familiar world in which I find old and good friends whose fellowship has long been important to me, people like Gene Tunney, Ben Hogan, Eddie Arcaro, not to mention a son-in-law, Hank Greenberg. There is, however, another reason for the high place the magazine has in my life:

In 1909, when we moved to New York City to open the new Gimbel store, William Muldoon, health authority, gave me what I still consider the best advice any young fellow could get. One could only hope for true success, if one were balanced physically as well as mentally. "Man should have pride in his body, the home wherein his soul dwells."

Those words convinced me to continue — with boxing, running, fishing and golf — the active participation in sport which began in childhood. I would, perhaps, have done so anyway. The advice of William Muldoon made physical fitness a personal philosophy. It is a philosophy my family actively shares, with flying, skin diving, tennis, golf, fox-hunting and other sports.

So SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is a reflection in print of ideas and values enjoyable and, I believe, important to our family life.

*Bernard F. Gimbel*

## BASEBALL: THE FACE IS FAMILIAR

Sirs:

May I extend to you my sincere condolence on your lamentations provoked by the selection of a new manager for the Detroit baseball club (SI, June 23). You write with inadequate knowledge when you refer to Bill Norman as a "faceless man."

I have known Mr. Norman for quite some time and followed his success in the American Association with very great interest. In his capacity as manager of the Charleston, W. Va. club he has done a remarkably good job. Not as colorful as Casey Stengel to be sure, nor as bullywagger as John McGraw, nor as cantankerous as Leo Durocher—I have lived with them all. My baseball storybook opened a long time ago, when Delahanty roamed the outer gardens of the Philadelphia Nationals and "Tinker to Evers to Chance" was in the making. I knew Horus Wagner and Christy Mathewson. These events carry me back probably to the days before the editors saw the light of day.

FRANK A. SUTER

Charleston, W. Va.

Sirs:

I put in a couple of seasons with this fellow Norman, 1938-39 with Hollywood in the old Pacific Coast League. Only an ankle injury that failed to respond kept this boy from being a Hall of Famer. He was big, strong and fast, with power to burn. I can recall old Bill Norman putting balls 500 feet and better in the Gilmore Stadium.

I write only since no one seems to know this man. Before he leaves the big show, I sincerely believe a great many people will know him. Particularly the American League! This guy is a blood-and-guts ballplayer. Smart as a whip. Never one to look over his shoulder when trouble appears, like some of the present-day boys. He always goes the route.

D. F. SAYERS

Reno

## TENNIS: NEW TALENT

Sirs:

Another year is past and another challenger has bitten the dust, but not before giving Gonzales a run for his money (SI, June 16). Our women are in second place (by losing the Wightman Cup), our men did not win the Davis Cup, but an American still rules the professional world.

But is this enough? In my thinking it is not. Many have preached the same sermon and I would like to join the crowd. The only way to get to the top is to set up a better youth program and to develop new talent. Last year I saw two 10-year-olds, one of whom had great potentiality, turned away because they were told they were too young to play. How can we ever expect to get to the top if we turn talent

away? Maybe when we have the top 25 players in the world we can do this.

CHERYL KARRIS

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

● For a fine start, see PAT ON THE BACK, June 30.—ED.

## O'MALLEY'S PRESS BOX

Sirs:

Poor old O'Malley is certainly taking a beating everywhere except at the box office. Enjoyed that "ode" in 19TH HOLE, June 30. Here is another item making the rounds in L.A. in the form of a news flash. "It is reliably reported that the press box in the Los Angeles Coliseum is equipped with an abacus for keeping track of the Chinese home runs."

C. A. L. SMITH

Los Angeles

## HERMAN HICKMAN'S SCHOLARSHIP

Sirs:

The late Herman Hickman's friends at the University of Tennessee have begun collecting money for a Herman Hickman Memorial Scholarship. The proceeds will finance an annual scholarship at Tennessee, given on the basis of classroom excellence, campus leadership and athletic ability. The award will go annually to the senior who has shown these qualities to the greatest extent. The recipient will be known as the Herman Hickman Scholar.

The late Herman Hickman, whose football writings I enjoyed so much in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, was well known as an All-America, as an honor student who graduated at 20, as coach, author, box singer, TV and radio commentator. Yet it is entirely likely that, in the long run, he will be best remembered as the originator of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S Silver Anniversary All-America.

TOM SILVER

Knoxville News-Sentinel

Knoxville

● Readers who would like to contribute to the Herman Hickman Memorial Scholarship at the University of Tennessee should send their contributions to P.O. Box 2011, Knoxville, Tenn.—ED.

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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## CHURNED, TURNED AND DUNKED

Sirs:

Reading Joel Sayre's *Georgie's Roaring River* (SI, June 16 and 23), I couldn't help but remember some similar experiences when I was a boy on the Ohio River. If you have ever ridden the stern waves behind an old stern-wheeler in a rowboat or canoe you'll know what I mean.

The waves, some as high as 12 feet from crest to trough, depend on the size of the wheel and the speed of the boat. Some of the larger ones boil, break, form whirlpools and undertows that defy all efforts to control a boat. Many is the time we were dumped on the first wave and had to paddle a submerged flatboat back to shore, but were ready to go again at the sight of the next steamer. On one occasion I moved a 12-foot paddle board into the first trough behind the old *Duffy* out of Louisville, pushing sand barges. The *Duffy* is a slow-moving tow, but pulls a lot of water up on the wheel, causing deep, close-together rollers. I got churned, turned and dunked in every direction but managed to stay with the board until it finally broke out into smoother water. Need I say I didn't try that again.

JOHN MORAY

Hollywood

## PROGRESS REPORT

Sirs:

It's been a long time since you have told us anything about Jill Kimmont, the plucky youngster from California who was paralyzed in a ski spill.

ANNE B. G. WILLIAMS

Buffalo

● Jill Kimmont, one of the country's brightest prospects for the 1956 Winter Olympics, fell in a trial run at Alta, Utah, broke her back and for a long time lost the use of her arms and legs. Recently Jim Murray, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED'S* West Coast correspondent, saw Jill Kimmont and reports as follows: "As usual, it's a thrill just to talk to Jill, who must be one of the pluckiest youngsters who ever lived. Jill is cheerfully resigned. 'I don't get tired in the wheelchair any more,' Jill told me, 'I used to have to lie down, but I'm getting stronger.' Jill is proud that she can now stand for 30 minutes a day with the aid of braces. She does restitutive exercises, mostly on her legs, in her home at Playa Del Rey, a suburb of Los Angeles. She is still going to UCLA and has just changed her major from business administration to languages, so that when she takes up her job of managing the ski shop at Mammoth Mountain she will be able to make buying trips to Europe. Jill even wrote a letter to Roy Campa-

nella telling him that being confined to a wheelchair was not as bad as it sounded." —ED.

#### FITNESS: COMPARE

Sirs:

As a physical education teacher in a small Nevada high school I was very interested in your editorial, *Leadership Tip* from the U.S. Post (SI, June 16). I was especially interested in some of the questions you brought up concerning physical education programs. I personally feel that most people have the wrong conception of what physical education is and the philosophies that are behind it.

I suggest, as a step in the right direction, that you do a series on good programs that are now being offered to boys and girls in different sizes and types of schools throughout the country. This series could feature physical fitness through participation in such diversified activities as modern dance, aquatics, tennis, etc. Then your articles could be studied by parents, teachers and students.

I realize that my profession has a tremendous job in public relations to do. I hope that perhaps you will be able to help us with it.

MARGE TYTUS

Reno

#### THE TROTTERS

Sirs:

I was very interested in Jeremiah Tax's *Race to Trot* (SI, June 9).

All of us have had the chance to get our fingers burned around the running horses, but this gave a beautiful bit of background to an entirely different branch of racing, trotting horses.

R. F. RYAN

Minneapolis

#### OFF TO ROME

Sirs:

I read with interest *Jerusalem of Rome* (SI, May 19), concerning the 1960 Olympics.

I cannot find anything in the article concerning the location of the equestrian competitions, which, I believe, are to be held September 5 to 11.

I understand that it will be held several miles from Rome, and if you have any information concerning the exact location I will appreciate it, as I would like to make hotel reservations in the vicinity.

G. A. EISENHART

Pittstown, Pa.

● The present schedule for the equestrian events is as follows: Dressage and endurance are scheduled for September 5-7 at Pratone di Nemi, about 19 miles south of Rome. After that, all hoofprints lead back to the city. Jumping takes place on September 8 in the Piazza di Siena, and the Grand Prix de Dressage is held there September 9-10. The Grand Prix des Obstacles is slated for September 11 in the Olympic Stadium. —ED.

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## SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

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This makes Fibber the toast of Hiroshima and the subject of a most entertaining story by Mark Harris, author of *Bang the Drum Slowly*.

In the July 14th **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**.

On newsstands July 10.

## Pat on the Back

Harriet O. Allen



**KATHY KUSNER**

### *"I like horses, period"*

Three weeks ago Kathy set a little gray mare named Preckles to a high jump at the Upperville (Va.) Colt and Horse Show, took her over and cantered away holding a new American women's record of 7 feet 3 inches, an extraordinary feat.

For Kathy the world begins and ends with horses. Kathy herself has owned two of them: a mustang pony, formerly a plow horse, whom Kathy developed into a very accomplished jumper, and a jittery chestnut mare "too crazy for the show." To the chagrin of her father, a onetime col-

lege professor, Kathy is passing up college to travel the horse-show circuit, including the big ones at Madison Square Garden, Harrisburg and Toronto. "I'll ride horses forever," Kathy states flatly and confidently. "I'll be getting a job now riding in shows and races, and in the winter there will be more races and fox hunting." Kathy's mother, who holds an advanced degree in education, now accepts her daughter's decisions with the cheerful resignation of the parent who knows when she is licked: "You just can't live their lives for them."



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